Memories of Fifty Years

Lester Wallack

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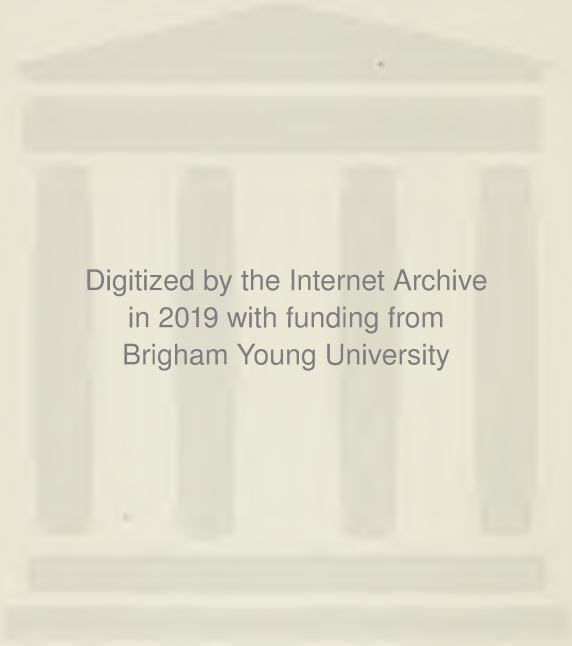
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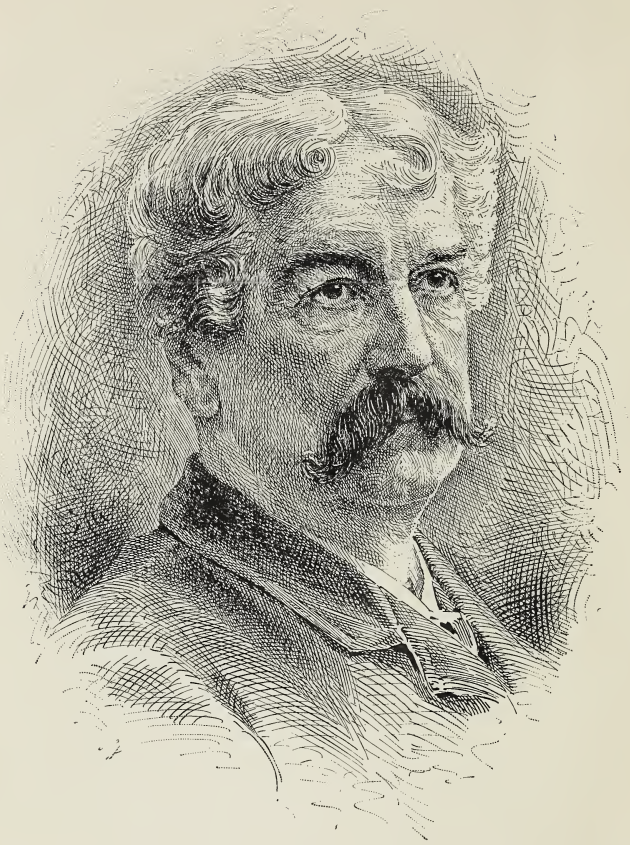

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MEMORIES OF FIFTY YEARS

BY

LESTER WALLACK

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

LAURENCE HUTTON

WITH PORTRAITS AND FAC-SIMILES

NEW-YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1889

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PREFACE.

The best talk, proverbially, is that which escapes up the open chimney, and cannot be repeated. The following papers are simply the result of an effort to catch and preserve the familiar talk of a veteran of the stage on its way to the fireplace of a certain front room in Thirty-fourth Street, New York: They do not pretend to be complete or consecutive; or even to be what is termed literature: merely the Social and Professional Memories of Half a Century, affectionately inscribed to the audiences the Speaker had addressed in other days, and in other ways.

Too feeble in health during the last winter of his life to perform the manual labor of writing his reminiscences or even to attempt studied dictation, Mr. Wallack was able only to recount in familiar conversation with a responsive listener, and from time to time, these stories and incidents of his long

career, which were taken down by a stenographer literally and without omission. His sudden death left the work in its present fragmentary and unfinished state, and although he revised and corrected the greater part of it, certain portions he never saw after they were transcribed. The matter has been arranged as far as possible in chronological order, but in other respects it stands here as it fell from his lips.

The Biographical Sketch, the Illustrations, the Appendix, and the Index have been added by the Editor. The portraits of Mr. Wallack and of his friends and contemporaries are reproduced, with one or two exceptions, from original drawings and life photographs, nearly all of which have never before been engraved. The List of Characters Played by Mr. Lester Wallack—some three hundred in number—is believed to be complete. It has been compiled from the records of Wallack's Theatre and from many files of old playbills in different collections, and in its preparation the Editor has been assisted by Mr. Henry Edwards, Mr. John Gilbert, Mr. Joseph N. Ireland, Mr. Charles C. Moreau, Mr. William Winter, Mr. Charles E. Wallack, and Mrs.

Lester Wallack, to whom he wishes here to express his thanks.

How much of the charm of these papers has been lost in the transcription only those familiar with Mr. Wallack's powers as a story-teller can ever know. The warmth and the brightness of the narration have been preserved, but the accents, the modulations, the gesture and the expression—a very great part, if not the best part, of his talk—the open chimney has received and dispersed forever.

LAURENCE HUTTON.

"The Players."
January, 1889.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

*** The portraits of actors and actresses are from rare life photographs in the collection of the Editor.

PAGE

LESTER WALLACK ..... *Frontispiece.*

JAMES WILLIAM WALLACK 5

JOHN JOHNSTONE (from a miniature) 9

WALLACK'S THEATRE, BROADWAY AT BROOME STREET 15

WALLACK'S THEATRE, BROADWAY AT THIRTEENTH STREET 19

WALLACK'S THEATRE, BROADWAY AT THIRTIETH STREET 25

LESTER WALLACK AT STAMFORD — 1888 29

FAC-SIMILE OF LESTER WALLACK'S CONTRACT WITH BENJAMIN WEBSTER 33

HENRY WALLACK 34

NATIONAL THEATRE, LEONARD AND CHURCH STREETS 37

LESTER WALLACK AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-TWO ... 45

PAGE

G. V. Brooke 58
Charles J. Mathews 62
A. H. Davenport 64
Mrs. Charles J. Mathews (Miss Lizzie Weston) . 65
Lester Wallack as Leon Delmar 67
Harry Beckett 73
Charlotte Cushman 76
Dion Boucicault 79
Testimonials to J. W. Wallack 85
Charles Kean 92
Fac-simile of a letter from Edmund Kean to J. W. Wallack 93
Mrs. Charles Kean 96
Douglas Jerrold 97
Fac-simile of a note from Harriet Mellon Coutts to Edmund Kean 99
Burton's Theatre, Chambers Street 101
William E. Burton 103
F. S. Chanfrau 105
Signor De Begnis 109
Thomas Hamblin 116
C. W. Clarke 117
James W. Wallack, Jr 118
Bulwer-Lytton 123
W. C. Macready 125
George H. Barrett 133
Broadway Theatre, near Anthony Street .. 135
Thomas Hadaway 138

PAGE

GEORGE VANDENHOFF 139
JOHN DYOTT 141
THOMAS PLACIDE 142
WILLIAM RUFUS BLAKE 143
GEORGE JORDAN 145
MRS. VERNON 146
CHARLES WALCOT (the elder) 148
MARY GANNON 150
LAURA KEENE 151
MRS. F. B. CONWAY 152
MRS. JOHN HOEY 153
MADELINE HENRIQUES 155
CHARLES FISHER 155
AGNES ROBERTSON BOUCICAULT 156
WILLIAM J. REYNOLDS 156
JOSEPH JEFFERSON 157
TOM TAYLOR 159
C. W. COULDOCK 160
SARA STEVENS 161
CHARLES PETERS 161
E. A. SOTHERN 163
TOM ROBERTSON 170
H. J. MONTAGUE 174
WILLIAM FARREN 179
JOHN GILBERT 181
SAMUEL LOVER 187
TYRONE POWER 189
F. B. CONWAY 193

PAGE

SKETCH OF J. W. WALLACK IN CHARACTER, BY MILLAIS 211

FAC-SIMILE OF THE BILL OF THE OPENING NIGHT OF THE BROADWAY THEATRE, AND OF LESTER WALLACK'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN AMERICA . . . . . *At End of Volume.*

LESTER WALLACK.

THAT dramatic talent is inherent is shown in the history of the three great theatrical families of this country — the Booths, the Jeffersons and the Wallacks. Lester Wallack, the subject of this present sketch, is the last of a long line of well-graced actors; and as a mere study of heredity the story of his descent cannot fail to interest even those who have no interest in the affairs of the stage.

William Wallack, the first of the name of whom there is any record, was an actor and a vocalist at Astley's Amphitheatre in London, towards the end of the last century. He married Elizabeth Field, at one time a leading member of Garrick's company, and the mother, by a

former husband, Dr. Granger, of Mrs. Jones, who played at the Park Theatre, New York, in the season of 1805–6, who was called, because of her beauty, "the Jordan of America," and whose two daughters, Mrs. Edmund Simpson and Mrs. Bancker, were themselves favorite actresses in New York.

William Wallack and Elizabeth Field Granger, his wife, had four children who left their marks upon the British and the American stage—Henry, James William, Mary and Elizabeth. Mary Wallack—Mrs. Stanley—Mrs. Hill—made her American début at the Chatham Theatre, New York, in June, 1827. She remained there for a season or two, retired into private life, and died in New Orleans in 1834. Elizabeth Wallack—Mrs. Pincott—never came to this country. She was the mother of Mrs. Alfred Wigan.

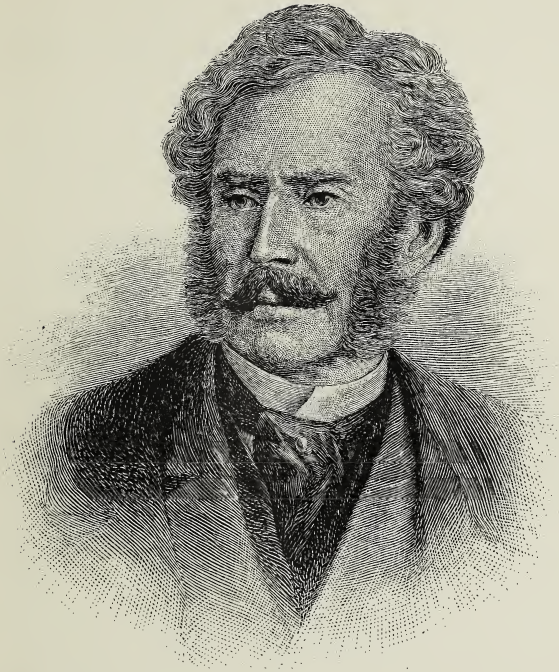
Henry Wallack, the oldest of the family, was born in London in 1790. He is believed by Mr. Joseph N. Ireland to have appeared in this country as early as 1818, although the bills of the Anthony Street Theatre, New York, record "his first appearance in America" at that house

on the ninth of May, 1821, and in the part of *Young Norval.* He was very prominently before the public for almost fifty years; and as an actor and a man he was deservedly popular. He played an unusually wide range of parts, from *Hamlet* to *Dandy Dinmont,* and in his later years he excelled in such characters as *Sir Peter Teazle* and *Sir Anthony Absolute.* He died in New York in 1870.

Henry Wallack was the father of James William Wallack, Jr., and of two daughters, Julia and Fanny. "Young Jim Wallack," as he was affectionately called, is still pleasantly remembered here for his admirable performance of *Fagin* in "Oliver Twist," of *Mercutio,* of *Mathias* in "The Bells," of *Léon de Bourbon* in "The Man in the Iron Mask," of *Henry Dunbar* and of other parts. He was born in London in 1818, came first to this country in 1838, and died here in 1873. Fanny and Julia Wallack made their débuts together in "The Hunchback" as *Helen* and *Julia*—to the *Master Walter* of their father—at the New Chatham Theatre, afterwards Purdy's National Theatre, in the Bowery, New York, on the twenty-third of December, 1839.

Fanny Wallack — Mrs. Charles Moorehouse — became a decided favorite with the public, and died in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1856. Julia Wallack married William Hoskin, better known in England than in America, and subsequently went upon the lyric stage in London as "Miss Julia Harland." She was at the Park Theatre, New York, in 1842.

James William Wallack, the second son of William Wallack and the father of Lester Wallack, was, to paraphrase the remark of a biographer of the famous Brown family of Scotland, in regard to the author of "Rab and His Friends," the Apex of all the Wallacks! So long as he lived he was *Mister* Wallack, *the* Wallack, WALLACK himself; and since his death, and the accession of his son and successor, he is always styled "the Elder Wallack" by those who have known both father and son. He was born in London in 1795; he appeared in the spectacle of "Blue Beard," at the house afterwards known as the Surrey Theatre, when he was but four years of age; and before he was fifteen he had filled an engagement of two years at



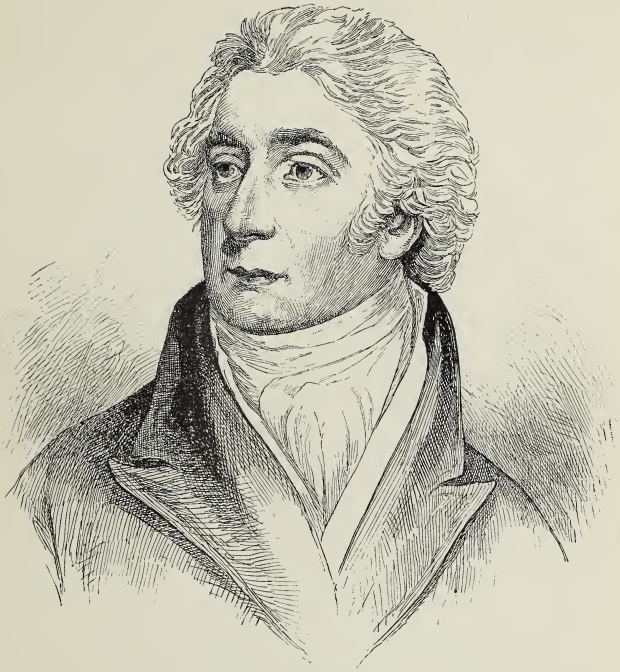
JAMES WILLIAM WALLACK.

Drury Lane. His first success, as a man, was made at this latter house in 1812, when he played *Laertes* to the *Hamlet* of Elliston; and he soon became an acknowledged favorite in the British metropolis in such romantic parts as *Rob Roy*, *Rolla* and *Roderick Dhu;* while as *Petruchio*, *Mercutio*, *Benedick* and the like he was regarded as the only possible successor of Charles Kemble. He made his first appearance in the United States at the Park Theatre, New York, September seventh, 1818; and he was again in this country in 1822, in 1832, and from 1834 to 1836. In 1837 he became manager of the National Theatre, on the corner of Leonard and Church Streets, New York, which was thus the original "Wallack's," although it never bore that name. Mr. Wallack was at the Park Theatre, under Mr. Simpson's management, in the season of 1843–4; and in 1852 he assumed control of Brougham's Lyceum, which he called "Wallack's." In 1861 he built the second Wallack's Theatre on Broadway at Thirteenth Street, and at the close of the season of 1862 he bowed his acknowledgment of calls for the manager, and

was never seen in any public capacity again. He died in New York on Christmas Day, 1864.

James William Wallack was educated in the best dramatic school, that of experience, and with the most accomplished actors as his tutors and models. He had seen play, if he had not played with them, such masters of his art as Kean, Kemble, Bannister, Elliston, Mathews (the Elder), Cooke, Fawcett, Incledon, Macready, Booth, Liston, Young, Mrs. Jordan, Miss Mellon and Mrs. Siddons. He inherited beauty and grace of person, quick perception, a finely modulated and unusually sweet voice, and a decided genius for his profession. As *Shylock*, *Don Cæsar*, *Martin Heywood* and *The Scholar* he had no peer.

In 1817 Mr. Wallack married the daughter of John Johnstone, a very celebrated Irish comedian and vocalist, familiarly known as "Irish" Johnstone, and one of the most prominent social and dramatic figures in London in the days of the regency. Mrs. Wallack came to America with her husband in 1818, and frequently thereafter; but she died in London in 1851. As the grand-



JOHN JOHNSTONE.

[FROM A MINIATURE.]

son of his grandparents, paternal and maternal, as the son of his father, the nephew of his uncles and his aunts, and the cousin of his cousins, Lester Wallack certainly could claim blood as blue as that which flows in the veins of all the dramatic Howards.

John Johnstone Wallack, known to the public as Lester Wallack, the eldest son of the Elder Wallack, was born in the city of New York on the night of the thirty-first of December, 1819, or on the morning of the first of January, 1820, so near the stroke of midnight that he was never sure whether he came in with the New Year or was left by the Old; and it was not until his marriage in 1848 that he definitely adopted the latter date, because the first of January chanced to be the birthday of his wife. Concerning his early professional life, which began in Great Britain, he has spoken freely and fully in the pages to which these are but a brief introduction. His first appearance in the United States was made at the Broadway Theatre, New York, on the night of the twenty-seventh of September 1847, in the farce of "Used Up," when he re-

tained the name of John Wallack Lester, which he had previously assumed on the other side of the Atlantic. The rare bill of this entertainment, which was also the opening night of the theatre, reproduced in fac-simile at the end of this volume, is from the collection of Douglas Taylor, Esqr., of New York.

Mr. Lester's second part was that of the *Viscount de Ligny* in "The Captain of the Watch," on the fourth of October; and during this season his name appears as *Captain Absolute*, *Major Murray* in "The Jacobite," *Sir Frederick Blount* in "Money," *Osric*,—to the *Hamlet* of Mr. Murdoch,—*Frederick* in "Ernestine," *Littleton Coke*, *Dazzle*, *Mercutio*, *Count de Jolimaitre* in Mrs. Mowatt's "Fashion," and many more. The season ended on the fourth of July, 1848, and on the seventeenth of that month he appeared at the Chatham Theatre as *Don Cæsar de Bazan*, and later as *Dick Dashall* and *Robert Macaire*. On the twenty-eighth of August of the same year Edwin Forrest played *Othello* at the Broadway Theatre, when Mr. Lester was his *Cassio;* and the drama of "Monte-Cristo," with Mr. Lester

as *Edmund Dantes*, was produced on the evening of December twenty-fifth as a Christmas spectacle. It ran for fifty consecutive nights.

Mr. Lester made his first appearance at the Bowery Theatre, and as *Don Cæsar de Bazan*, on the seventeenth of September, 1849. His own dramatization of Dumas's "Three Guardsmen" was produced on that stage on the twelfth of November, with Mr. Lester as *d'Artagnan*, James William Wallack, Jr., as *Athos*, John Gilbert as *Porthos*, and James Dunn as *Aramis*. "The Four Musketeers, or Ten Years After," also by Mr. Lester, was presented on the twenty-fourth of December. On the second of September, 1850, Mr. Lester joined the company of Burton's Chambers Street Theatre, and made his first appearance on that stage as *Charles Surface*. He remained under Mr. Burton's management until June, 1852, playing, among many others, such familiar parts as *Harry Dornton*, *Steerforth*, *Citizen Sangfroid* and *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*.

Wallack's Lyceum, formerly Brougham's Lyceum, and later Wallack's Theatre, on the west side of Broadway, and a few feet south of Broome

Street, New York, was formally opened on the eighth of September, 1852, with "The Way to Get Married" and "The Boarding School," Mr. Lester playing *Tangent* in the former, and *Lieut. Varley* in the second piece. It was finally closed as Wallack's Theatre on the twenty-ninth of April, 1861, when Mr. Lester played *Randall McGregor* in "Jessie Brown," and *Mr. Bromley* in "Simpson & Co.," and when Mr. Wallack delivered a few touching words of farewell to the house, and of invitation to his friends and patrons to meet him the next season in his new home, uptown. Those nine years of Mr. Wallack's lesseeship of the old theatre were very eventful years in the history of the drama in New York. He had surrounded himself with the best stock company in America, if not in the English-speaking world, and his influence upon the stage and its literature is still felt. At this house Mr. Lester played many of his old parts, and created many new ones: *Don Pedro* in "Much Ado," *Orlando, Bassanio, Massaroni* in "The Brigand," *Alfred Evelyn, Charles Torrens, Reuben Glenroy* and *Rover* among the standard plays; while he added

WALLACK'S THEATRE, BROADWAY AT BROOME STREET.

to his list of characters *Count Beuzeval* in "Pauline" (March seventh, 1852); *The Debilitated Cousin* in "Bleak House" (October thirteenth, 1853); *Lord Fipley* in "Love and Money" (November seventh, 1853); *Rupert Wolfe* in "The Game of Life" (December twelfth, 1853); *Harry Jasper* in "The Bachelor of Arts" (January twelfth, 1854); *De Rameau* in his own comedy, "Two to One, or the King's Visit" (December sixth, 1854); *Paul Weldon* in "The Game of Love" (September twelfth, 1855); *Peveril* in a comedy from his own pen entitled "First Impressions" (September seventeenth, 1856); *Randall McGregor* in "Jessie Brown" (February twenty-second, 1858); *Arthur Morris* in "Americans in Paris" (May eighteenth, 1858); *Waverley* in "Marriage a Lottery" (October eighteenth, 1858); *Leon Delmar* in his own drama of "The Veteran" (January seventeenth, 1859); *Frank Hawthorne* in "Men of the Day" (May sixteenth, 1859); *Felix Featherly* in "Everybody's Friend" (December seventh, 1859); *Manuel* in his own adaptation of "The Romance of a Poor Young Man" (January twenty-fourth, 1860); *Tom*

Dexter in "The Overland Route" (May fourteenth, 1860); and *Wyndham Otis* in his own "Central Park" (February fourteenth, 1861).

At this house Miss Laura Keene made her American début September twentieth, 1852, and Mrs. Hoey reappeared upon the stage January thirtieth, 1854. Mr. Sothern—as "Mr. Douglas Stuart"—joined the regular company September ninth, 1854; Henry Placide and George Holland, September twelfth, 1855; Miss Mary Gannon, October fifteenth, 1855; Mrs. John Wood, December twenty-fifth, 1856; Miss Effie Germon, September twentieth, 1858; and Miss Madeleine Henriquez made "her first appearance on any stage" December third, 1860. The name of Mr. Theodore Moss, so intimately connected with that of Mr. Lester Wallack for so many years, appears in the bills as a member of the department of the treasury, from the opening night. *Colonel Delmar* in "The Veteran" was the last original part played by the Elder Wallack. His last appearance, as an actor, was as *Benedick* in "Much Ado About Nothing," at this first Wallack's Theatre, May fourteenth, 1859.

WALLACK'S THEATRE, BROADWAY AT THIRTEENTH STREET.

The story of the second Wallack's Theatre, on the north-east corner of Broadway and Thirteenth Street, must be as briefly told. It was built for Mr. Wallack, and was opened to the public on September twenty-fifth, 1861, with a new comedy by Tom Taylor called "The New President." Mr. Lester assumed the part of *De La Rampe*, and his name appeared upon the bills as Mr. Lester Wallack. He was the active manager of the establishment from the beginning, and became sole proprietor upon his father's death in 1864. He collected about him a very strong company of comedians, and for years he sustained the great reputation of the house and of the name it bore. He himself appeared in many of the old comedies, and was the central figure in many plays entirely new to the American stage, or to any stage.

Among his original parts at this house may be mentioned *Captain Walter Harris* in "The King of the Mountains" (October fifteenth, 1861); *Mr. Union* in "Bosom Friends" (September eighteenth, 1862); *Lord Henry de Vere* in "My Noble Son-in-Law" (April seventh, 1863);

Elliott Grey in his own popular drama of "Rosedale" (September thirtieth, 1863); *Frank Rochford* or *Lancia* in "Pure Gold" (February ninth, 1864); *Captain Bland* in "Captain Bland" (May thirtieth, 1864); *Don Ravagos* in "The Compact" (October thirteenth, 1864); *Vacil* in "How She Loves Him" (December twelfth, 1864); *Hugh Chalcote* in "Ours" (December nineteenth, 1866); *Jack Poyntz* in "School" (March fifteenth, 1868); *Colonel John White* in "Home" (December eighth, 1869); *Jack Randall* in "Birth" (March twenty-seventh, 1871); *John Garth* in "John Garth" (December fifteenth, 1871); *Gibson Greene* in "Married in Haste" (January twelfth, 1876); *Chester Delafield* and *Mark Delafield* in "Twins" (April twelfth, 1876); *Hugh Trevor* in "All For Her" (January twenty-second, 1877); *Adonis Evergreen* in "My Awful Dad" (March tenth, 1877); *Henry Beauclerc* in "Diplomacy" (April first, 1878); and *Prosper Couramont* in "A Scrap of Paper" (March tenth, 1879); making his final appearance upon that stage, in that part, at the close of the regular season, April eleventh, 1881,

when after a management of twenty years the theatre passed out of his hands.

During this long period some of the brightest and most healthy of modern plays were produced at this house, and many of the most deservedly popular actors and actresses in America trod its boards. Charles Fisher's name first appears on its bills September twenty-fifth, 1861; Mark Smith's, March seventeenth, 1862; John Gilbert's, October twenty-second, 1862; Edwin L. Davenport's, September twenty-first, 1865; James W. Wallack, Jr.'s, November twenty-third, 1865; Frederick Robinson's, December twelfth, 1865; Joseph B. Polk's, September twenty-fifth, 1867; Miss Emily Mestayer's, September twenty-third, 1868; Charles James Mathews's, April eighteenth, 1872; Harry Beckett's, September thirtieth, 1873; H. J. Montague's, October fifth, 1874; and Henry Edwards's November seventh, 1879. "Oliver Twist," with its wonderful cast, including James W. Wallack, Jr., as *Fagin*, Edwin L. Davenport as *Bill Sikes*, Miss Eytinge as *Nancy*, and George Holland as *Bumble*, was produced on December twenty-seventh, 1867; while "The

Shaughraun" began its career of success on November fourteenth, 1874. Mrs. Hoey retired finally from the stage in April, 1864; Miss Mary Gannon made her last appearance (as *Mary Netley* in "Ours") January twenty-seventh, 1868; Mrs. Vernon was last seen by the public, who loved her so sincerely, on April third, 1869 (as *Mrs. Sutcliffe* in "School"); and William R. Floyd died in November, 1880.

Mr. Wallack broke ground for the third and last Wallack's Theatre, on the north-east corner of Broadway and Thirtieth Street, on the twenty-first of May, 1881, and opened it with "The School for Scandal" January fourth, 1882. His name was not in the bills, but he made a short address. He first appeared as an actor upon that stage on the third of January, 1883, when he revived the comedy of "Ours." He created the part of *Colonel Crichton* in "Impulse" February sixteenth, 1885, and the part of *Walter Trevillian* in "Valerie" February sixteenth, 1886; and he made his last appearance there in "The Captain of the Watch" May first, 1886. Although actively engaged in its management until October,

WALLACK'S THEATRE, BROADWAY AT THIRTIETH STREET.

1887, he appeared there but rarely, playing "star engagements" in other cities of the Union, and in other theatres in New York, notably in the Park Theatre, on Broadway near Twenty-second Street, where he was the original *Colonel W. W. Woodd* in "The Colonel" January fourteenth, 1882; and while Wallack's Theatre was Wallack's Theatre so long as he lived, it was Wallack's in little more than in name, and many of its traditions had departed.

Mr. Wallack's last appearance as an actor upon any stage was at the Grand Opera House, New York, where he played *Young Marlow*, with Mr. Gilbert and Madame Ponisi, his old and faithful friends, as *Mr.* and *Mrs. Hardcastle*, May twenty-ninth, 1886. He was last seen of the public at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, May twenty-first, 1888, when he made a short speech between the acts of "Hamlet," played in his honor with the strongest cast the tragedy has ever seen in America. Mr. Booth was *Hamlet*, Mr. Barrett *The Ghost*, Mr. Mayo *The King*, Mr. Gilbert *Polonius*, Mr. Plimpton *Laertes*, Mr. Wheelock *The First*

Actor, Mr. Milnes Levick *The Second Actor*, Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Florence *The Gravediggers*, Mr. Edwards *The Priest*, Madame Modjeska *Ophelia*, Miss Kellogg *Gertrude*, and Miss Rose Coghlan *The Player Queen*. This was one of the most remarkable and most pleasant events in Mr. Wallack's professional life, and the last words he ever uttered in the public ear, containing a prophecy, never, alas! to be fulfilled, are here repeated: "I bid you all good-night. But mind, this is not a farewell, for if it please God to once more give me control over this rebellious limb I may trouble you again. With these few sincere words I bid you a respectful good-night, and leave the stage to 'Hamlet' and to you."

He died at his country home near Stamford, Connecticut, on the sixth of September, 1888, and was buried in the cemetery of Woodlawn on the ninth of the same month. With him died the name of Wallack, which in his own art and in his own person he did so much to adorn. With him, too, died *Young Marlow*, *Jack Absolute*, *Young Wilding*, *Rover*, *Alfred Evelyn*, *Hugh*

LESTER WALLACK AT STAMFORD — 1888.

Chalcote and Elliott Grey. For forty years, as actor and manager, he was one of the most prominent figures upon the American stage; and his place there is no one to fill.

Memorandum

London September 9th 1846

Mr John Johnstone Wallack is hereby engaged to Mr D. Webster to act in the Theatre Royal Haymarket for three seasons commencing from November 16th next. The line of business to be eccentric comedy. The salary to be Six pounds per week for the season next ensuing 1846-7, and eight pounds per week for the two following seasons of 1847-8 and 1848-9. Playbouse day and according to the Rules & Regulations of this establishment.

J. J. Wallack.

J. Webster

Witness
John Thos. Hughes

It is understood and agreed between the above parties mutually that Mr D. Webster is to have the option of terminating the above engagement at the end of the first season of 1846-7 - and that Mr John Johnstone Wallack is to act under the name of Lester.

Witness
J. W.

J. W. J. Wallack.

MEMORIES OF FIFTY YEARS.

CHAPTER I.

My first experience on any stage was at an establishment at Mitcham, in Surrey, called Baron House Academy, a fine old mansion which had become a private school. Colman's "Heir at Law" was produced immediately before the beginning of the summer holidays, upon an improvised stage in the school-room, with the English usher as prompter and general manager. As the son of "the celebrated Mr. Wallack," it was felt proper, naturally, that I should take part and, between the acts, I was billed for the speech from Home's tragedy of "Douglas" —"My name is *Norval*"— although I was only ten years of age. I was dressed in a red tunic trimmed with fur, white trousers and red shoes,

and carried a round wooden shield and a wooden sword painted blue. As for the lines, I suppose I must have painted *them* red. How I spoke them Heaven only knows. I only remember that I never missed a syllable.

My next appearance was at another school performance given at Brighton, when I was about fifteen years old. This was at a seminary kept by a Mr. Allfree, which was then rather celebrated, and the play was "Pizarro." At that time my uncle, Henry Wallack, was stage-manager at Covent Garden. Of course all the boys were racking their brains and ransacking the shops to find what they should wear. My mother applied to my uncle, who sent down a lot of splendid properties, a leopard-skin robe and all the necessary things for *Rolla*, which were of course very much too large for me, particularly the sandals. I remember nothing of the play except that it went off with a great deal of applause; but I do remember that the end was

HENRY WALLACK.

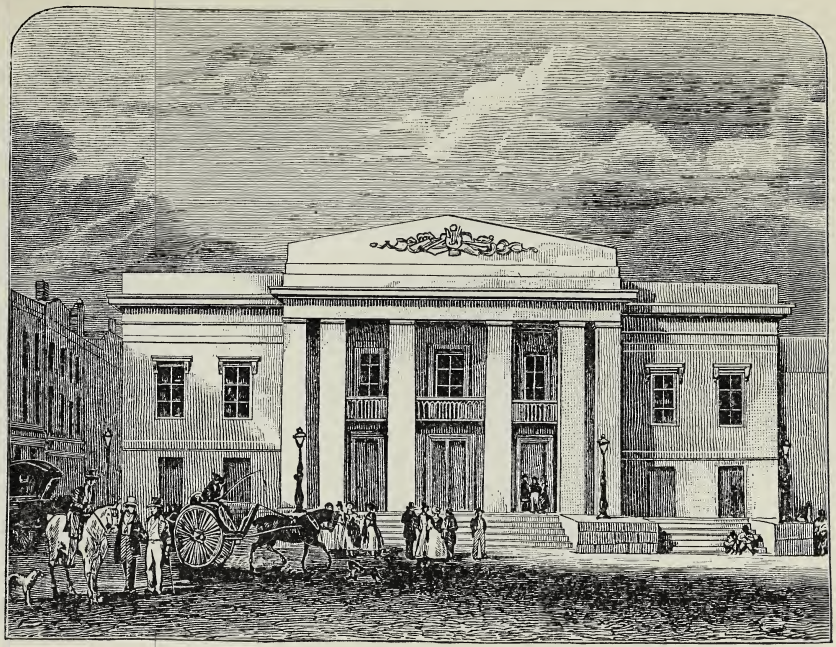
a most undignified one for me, because as I fell dead I fell just exactly where the curtain must come down on me; and when it began to descend, one of the soldiers, and the boy who played *Alonzo*, stepped forward, and taking me, one by one leg and one by the other, dragged me up the stage; a bit of new "business" which was greatly appreciated if I might judge from the "roars" in front.

On returning from my first visit to America, which had been a purely social one, and before it was quite determined whether I should finally go into the army or not, my father, who was about to set out upon a starring tour to Bath and other provincial towns, proposed that I should join him, partly as a companion and partly to support him in such parts as could safely be entrusted to one who could only be looked upon as an *amateur;* and the first appearance I made on any stage after I arrived at manhood was as *Angelo* in a play called "Tortesa the Usurer," by N. P. Willis. I had seen it brought out before, when my father had the National Theatre in New York. The character

of *Tortesa* was written for him, and when he went over to England he took the play with him and starred in it. The character I assumed was originally acted by Edmon S. Conner, then his "leading juvenile."

During this tour I played that part, *Macduff* to his *Macbeth*, and *Richmond* to his *Richard III.*, and these, I think, constituted the main portion of my endeavors at that time. This was just after the burning of the National Theatre in 1839. I had done enough, inexperienced as I was (so my father told me afterwards), to show that, if ever the profession should become a necessity to me, I had a certain amount of promise; that in fact I had "the gift." During this engagement I assumed the name of "Allan Field," which had belonged to a relative of the family.

I hesitated long before I made up my mind to become an actor; but when I finally did so, I determined that I should know my profession from beginning to end, and should depend upon it for my sole support; and the consequence was that my poor mother often cried in those



NATIONAL THEATRE, LEONARD AND CHURCH STREETS.

early days because I would not let her send me a five-pound note now and then, to add to my weekly stipend of twenty shillings!

I was resolved that whatever success I might make I would owe to myself, and not to my father's name; therefore, as Mr. Lester I played the *Earl of Rochester* in the town of Rochester, in a comedy called "Charles II.," by John Howard Payne. I had a very good part — the second part of the piece. Charles Kemble was *King Charles*, Fawcett playing *Edward* and Jones the *Earl of Rochester* in the original cast, at Covent Garden. The season at Rochester was a short one, as my uncle Henry Wallack, who had taken the theatre as an experiment, had it for only a few weeks. This was my first professional engagement. My salary was one pound a week; and I was paid about as punctually as were actors in small companies at that time. Three pounds a week was a good salary in a country theatre, and five pounds was enormous. When we got to the larger provincial cities salaries were a little higher; but I very much doubt if any leading actor at Bath, Bristol,

Liverpool or Manchester ever received more than ten pounds a week in those days.

My experience at another provincial theatre — the Theatre Royal, Southampton — was somewhat curious. The house was taken by a Mr. W. J. A. Abingdon, a barrister in very good practice and a rich man, who was wildly enthusiastic upon every subject connected with the drama. His particular craze was his fancy that he resembled Shakspere, and he indulged his pride in having himself painted as the Bard of Avon, after Roubillac's statue in Westminster Abbey, a portrait which was distributed broadcast over Southampton and the neighboring town of Winchester. I soon became a favorite with him, and as I was pretty careful in my study and acting, although very inexperienced, a short time after my joining his company he made me stage-manager; and a pretty queer stage-manager I suppose I was! This must have been about 1844, because a little later I became a great Liverpool favorite. But to return: We performed alternate nights at Winchester and Southampton, and the company

used to travel in a little omnibus, with a lantern in its corner. After playing in Southampton we had to go to Winchester, and vice versa. We acted in three plays a night in those days, and had to write out our own parts, too. We were not provided with books, and studied by the light of this lantern, arriving at our destination awfully tired in the middle of the night, or perhaps early in the morning. Sometimes we had but one rehearsal, and sometimes two, seldom more; and to this early discipline I owe the retentive powers of memory which have been of such wonderful assistance to me ever since.

In the course of a few months I found myself in the Irish capital, and I was a member of the company of the Theatre Royal there for a couple of seasons. During that time I became acquainted with a young cornet in the Fifth Dragoon Guards. He was six feet six in height, and a remarkably handsome, though boyish, looking fellow. He was always at the theatre, either before or behind the footlights, and having some talent as an amateur he was never happy unless he was acting. His father, Sir Alexander Newton Don, was a very

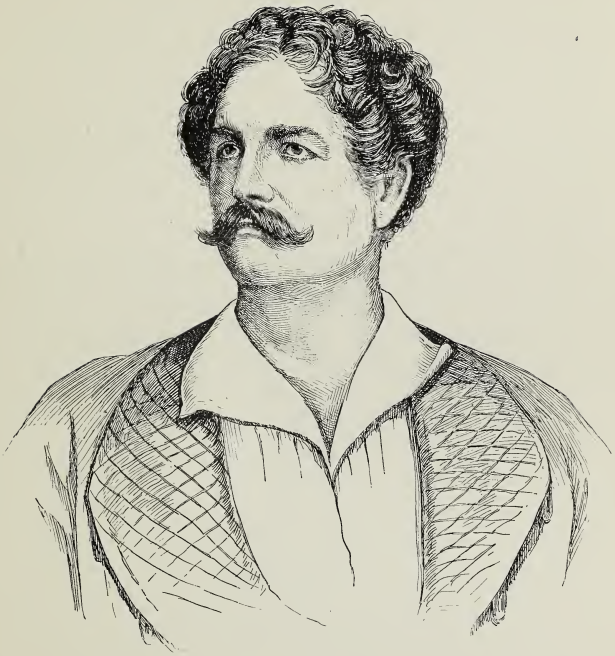
wealthy man, who died while his son was a child. The boy's guardians were the celebrated Mr. Majoribanks, the great banker, and, I think, the Duke of Cleveland. He was the wildest of the wild, and when he became of age and inherited his splendid property he immediately went upon the turf, where he lost every penny of it in four or five years. When I met him the second time, to my utter astonishment, it was here in New York, where he had come to play an engagement, having entered the profession. He appeared as *Sir Charles Coldstream* in "Used Up," a part in which I had made some quiet fame. Baronets were not so common in that time as they are now, and, as people were curious to see one, he drew very well. He then went to Australia, where he died, still a young man. He was one of the most eccentric and extraordinary characters I ever knew. He played under his own name and title, Sir William Don, Bart., and on his trip through the South, the farther away he got from what we may call first-class towns and civilization generally, the less they understood what Sir William Don, Bart., meant, and, to his great

amusement, he was generally addressed as " Mr. Bart. ! "

Don had a travelling agent named Wilton, who was nearly driven to distraction by his employer's wild behavior. If at the close of an engagement there chanced to be a small profit, say fifty or sixty dollars, Don would distribute it all among the carpenters and scene-shifters, leaving himself without a penny. Concerning his methods of doing business, Wilton used to tell the following story : " Once he had occasion to take a short drive, and he hailed a cab. What do you suppose he did ? It was a most extraordinary thing ; he asked the man if he had any change. The man said ' No ' ; and I had none. The fare was half a dollar, and Sir William tore a dollar bill in two and gave the driver half, destroying the bill but not satisfying the brute." I remember Don saying to me one day, " My dear John, if you will take a walk with me I will give you the great surprise of your life. You will see me pay a bill ! " And so he did, astonishing the recipient of the money, Fox, the tailor, even more than he surprised me. Speaking once of his

financial condition he said, "I have not a penny in the world, but when my dear old mother dies I shall come in for seventy thousand pounds. I 'd rather want and be hard up than wish ill to her. But with seventy thousand pounds and the strictest economy, I ought to get on very comfortably for a year at least."

I was in Dublin during what were called the great Post-office riots. They were caused by a most peculiar state of affairs. Some time before the railroads were established in Ireland an Italian named Bianconi took the contract to carry the mails that were landed at Queenstown, and held it for years. He was a young fellow, very much liked, and no doubt the men who drove his carts all over the country were given to the exchange of compliments — and whisky — with the peasantry. Bianconi was so popular that they Erinized his name, and called him Brian Cooney. Finally, it was reported to the Government that Bianconi was charging a great deal too much, and among other systems of reform or economy it was determined to look into the matter. The result was that the authorities advertised for offers for the



LESTER WALLACK AT THE AGE OF 32.

delivery of the mails in the various parts of the island, on the ground that the vehicles and horses of the present contractor were not satisfactory, and that too much valuable time was lost on the way. I rather think the only railway in Ireland at that time was from Kingstown to Dublin, a very short distance, ten minutes or so. This was in 1844 or '45. The new contract was awarded to somebody, I could not say who, but the consequence was that, with true Irish readiness for a row upon any provocation, the Irish people, resenting what they believed was an interference with their rights, set out to smash everything that was not driven by Brian Cooney or his men.

Sackville Street, Dublin, one of the finest thoroughfares in the world, was crowded with men and women by the thousands. There was stone-throwing, and all those little amusements that an Irish mob (or for that matter any mob) indulges in, and at last the military had to be called out, the police having no control over the people, at least not sufficient to prevent their doing mischief. Colonel Scarlett, afterwards the celebrated Sir James Scarlett, who led the charge of the Heavy

Brigade in the Crimea, dispatched the troop in which Don was a subaltern, and, realizing the danger to which the men would be liable by stone-throwing, the order was given that they should wear their helmets; but "Billy" Don swore he would not wear a helmet for "any bloody mob," as he called it, and he appeared with nothing on his head but his little forage cap. I was present when it was calculated that there were at least ten thousand persons around the Post-office, yelling, hallooing and throwing stones. When this troop, the Fifth Dragoon Guards, a fine regiment, came marching down, there was never such a scattering. It is worth recording simply to show what a red-coat or a blue-coat is to a mob. The soldiers simply rode quietly through them, and back, and they melted away. It was like pouring hot water or tea on a lump of sugar. After it was over, Sir William Don was called up and had a "wigging," as they called it, because he did not wear his helmet. But then he was always getting "wiggings" from somebody for something.

The Dublin gallery is proverbial, or was in my day, for the shrewdness and humor of its outspoken

criticism. I remember one particular occasion when a man named Morrison, who led the chorus, a gigantic fellow and very ugly, afforded no little amusement to the audience and his fellow-singers. We had at that period what are called "Ticket Nights." After the benefits of the regular performers the underlings of the theatre, the leader of the chorus, the ushers in front and the ticket takers, would have a benefit in common, when it was the custom to give them half the receipts; the manager doing it because he knew perfectly well that the house would be jammed full to the ceiling, as the beneficiaries sold their tickets among their friends and in great quantities. The curious part was the fact that the ushers and ticket takers, who, of course, never played anything themselves, made up for it by pestering the management for some particular play which they preferred. The people on the stage, chorus singers, etc., naturally wanted to do something, to get a chance they never had in any other part of the season. This man Morrison, who, by the way, was known as "Nigger Morrison," because of his dusky complexion, had a baritone voice and

insisted upon singing a ballad between the acts on this particular "Ticket Night." Now the occupants of the gallery were original in their methods and ingenious in the application of them. They would wait until there was a gap in the play, as there always is, and then say their say. The expected chance came when Morrison went on and began: "Oh, I was young and lovely once"— pausing a moment to draw his breath. "And a bloody long toime ago it must have been, Morrison, me boy!" was the response from the gods. There was no more song for Morrison!

To give another instance of the quickness of these fellows: A bass singer named Leffler — and a very charming singer he was, too — came to Dublin, I think with the Pyne troop, which opened in "La Sonnambula." Leffler was bothered for a dress for *Count Rudolpho.* He was very fond of swaggering and making a show, and he went to the lessee in a great state of mind to know what he should wear. The lessee asked, "Where is your own dress?" "Oh!" said Leffler, "I don't know; they were going to send it over, and it has not arrived, and upon

my honor I have n't got anything to put on. I don't know what I shall do." "You have got some tights, I suppose, and some Hessian boots; you have a plain coat, or if not I will find you one, and you can go on looking like a gentleman who is traveling." This was a very proper dress, but Leffler replied, "I always go on and make a show, and I *must* have something military!" Now it chanced that the regiment stationed in Dublin had a few days before sold the old uniforms of its band — white coats with yellow facings, and scarlet trousers with a white seam. Leffler thought this the very thing, and selected a suit which fitted him to perfection. When the overture was finished he swaggered out upon the stage thus gorgeously clad and with a riding-whip in his hand. Before he could open his mouth a man in the gallery, who recognized the costume, cried: "Good-avenin', Mr. Leffler. Give us a chune on the clarionet!"

Barry, the prompter, came on one night to make a speech, somebody having been taken ill. It was the fashion then to wear white duck trousers. Barry had been out in a shower of rain

and his nether garments were covered with mud. He had no time to change them, but had to go on and make apology in this condition. He began: "Ladies and gentlemen," and as he paused a moment a man in the gallery called out: "Dick, when did you give your ducks a swim?"

There used to be in those days what are called "Bespeak Nights," when some influential person publicly appeared as the especial patron of some particular performance. When the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland "bespoke" a play it was usually for the benefit of the manager of the Theatre Royal. By some old law that exists, or did exist, the manager of this house *ex officio* is a member of the vice-regal court, and on "Bespeak Nights" Calcraft was always present in full court dress, standing with a wand behind the representative of royalty; and while the sergeants of the regiments at the Castle filled the pit the privates and their families crowded the gallery. The consequence was that when they all stood up to sing "God Save the Queen," the sight was most magnificent. All the sergeants and the ser-

geant-majors in the pit, the officers in the boxes, the cavalry and infantry, dressed in scarlet and blue, made a beautiful and brilliant picture. This did not exclude the public at all, and lots of fellows got in, particularly in the gallery, and as much for the sake of the audience as of the play.

On one particular night, which closed the season, I remember Calcraft, at the end of the piece, excused himself and went on the stage to make his farewell speech. As he entered there was an immense round of applause, and he said: "Ladies and Gentlemen: According to custom I appear before you, in the name of my company and myself, to take a respectful leave and to express our appreciation of all the favors you have been kind enough to shower upon us during a very difficult and trying season. I cannot say that the season has been a very prosperous one, because many circumstances have militated against it. Of course, I merely mention this because we do not want to seem ungrateful for the favors we have received, and I want to acknowledge the presence of the representative of Her Majesty, and to thank

him for the kind patronage he has always extended to the drama and to those who humbly, and to the best of their ability, represent it." He then went on to say that the change in the fashionable dinner-hour had had a bad effect on the houses; that it was a hard matter for those who dined at eight to get to the theatre in time to see a performance which began at half-past seven; but he was very thankful to think that so many people did come, etc. And while he was hesitating for his next point, a man rose in the gallery and said: "Mr. Calcraft!"—he was an old fellow with a dudeen stuck in his hat, which was shoved on the back of his head, and he waited with all the knowledge of an old actor until he got the house, and then continued—"Mr. Calcraft, I give ye me wurrd of honor, I always doine at two!"

A word here of digression in the matter of benefits may not be out of place. They were universal both in England and America among stock companies, and that I was the first to put a stop to them I am proud to say. They were degrading, and as I thought begging, appeals

from actors and actresses who already received what they conceived an adequate return for their services, and who had no reason to call upon the public for something extra. I spoke to other managers on the subject and said I would like to see an end put to it, although they considered it impossible. But I was determined ; and on one occasion, after Wallack's Theatre came entirely into my own hands, I assembled the company in my office and I questioned them severally as to what, in the years they had been with me, was the largest sum they had ever cleared by a benefit. "Well," said one, "I cleared for my share an hundred and fifty dollars." Another: "I cleared fifty dollars." Others made three or four hundred dollars, as the case might be. I said, "Well, I 'll tell you what I will do ; I will tack the sum, whatever it is, on to your weekly salaries, and so do away with the benefits altogether." The offer was accepted, other managers followed my example, and the obnoxious system died an easy and a natural death.

CHAPTER II.

ONE of the first important steps I ever took upon the ladder of fame was when I had the honor, and pleasure, of playing *Benedick* to Helen Faucit's *Beatrice* at Manchester. She was one of the gentlest and sweetest actresses I ever met. She gave me more encouragement than I had ever received before, and the patience with which she rehearsed, for I was young and inexperienced then, was remarkable. She did what must have been very irksome to her and went over our scenes again and again with me, until I got my part in some kind of shape; and it was through her kindness that I made something of a hit with the audience. I shall always remember her with feelings of the greatest gratitude on that account. I played but that one Shaksperian part with her, because *Beatrice* was her only comedy character

there except *Rosalind*, and as she appeared in tragedy all through the rest of the engagement Gustavus Brooke supported her. She is now Lady Martin. As Miss Faucit she was what I should call one of the most sympathetic actresses who ever walked the English stage. She combined a great deal of power with perfect pathos, and I can hardly recall another actress who did this in so great a degree. They say her *Lady Macbeth* was very impressive; I know her *Portia* was. She not only played the comic portions admirably, but "the trial scene" was equally well done; gentle and quiet, but majestic and powerful — wonderfully impressive. She came out first in London under her mother, Mrs. Faucit, who played what is called the "heavy lead." Helen supported Macready — she was the original *Clara Douglas* in Bulwer's "Money" — at the Haymarket, Covent Garden, and elsewhere, before she went starring on her own account. She was a very great favorite throughout Great Britain, particularly in Edinburgh.

I first met Gustavus Brooke at this Manchester house. It was rather a small one and Brooke

and I dressed in the same room. Off the stage he had a particularly strong brogue. He was a perfectly reckless man, who did not care how his money went or what straits he might be in. He was an Irishman—one of the generous, kind-hearted, whole-souled John-Brougham Irishmen. During that engagement at Manchester we acted together. I would often go into my dressing-room and find that certain very necessary articles of my wardrobe were missing; and one night in particular I remember I was playing *Modus* in the "Hunchback," while he was acting *Master Walter* and Miss Faucit *Julia*. I went into the room and found Brooke ready to go on. I had a costume I was particularly fond of—a chocolate-colored, plain, quiet sort of dress; and I missed the tights belonging to it. Brooke said: "What is the matter, me dear boy?" I said: "I cannot dress—I can't find my tights." "Why," said he, "I took the liberty to take your tights myself; they are on me. I could n't find

G. V. BROOKE.

my own." Fortunately I did not go on till the second act, and by that time the whole theatre had been ransacked and I got somebody's nether garments, and he carried through the performance with "Lester's tights." It was characteristic of Brooke that he would have been quite as willing that I should have taken his and have gone on himself without any. He was one of those reckless, generous creatures who would give anything he had in the world to me, or to anybody else he liked.

He first made his appearance at the Olympic, in London, a little bit of a theatre, and he met with the most unqualified success. He came out in *Othello*. It is a singular thing that Brooke made almost as great a hit as Edmund Kean did when he appeared as *Shylock*. It was a tremendous triumph. He had been little heard of except as a favorite provincial actor. His success was instantaneous and complete; but, unlike that of Kean, it was not followed up at all. The second part he played was *Sir Giles Overreach* in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," and although that was as consistently fine a piece

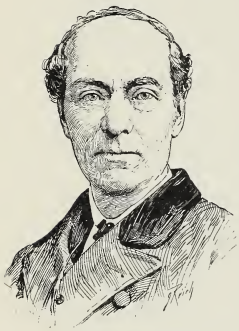
of acting as his *Othello*, perhaps more perfect, it did not seem to strike the people by any means so forcibly. From his first performance he gradually sank in public estimation, and that, I presume, was the reason he went to Australia, where he made an immense reputation and is still lovingly remembered. It was on his second voyage to Australia that he went to the bottom, poor fellow. I think the ship was called "The London." Harry Edwards has the most affectionate recollection of him.

Brooke had a most wonderful voice — a voice of tremendous power and at the same time of great melody, and with a great deal of variety in it. On one occasion he was acting with Forrest, our American tragedian. He was then a stock actor in one of the English towns in which Forrest was starring, and when some one said to him, "Brooke, look out, here is Forrest coming; he has a powerful voice, a voice that will drown anything that was ever heard here," Brooke replied, "I 'll show him something if he tries it with me." Forrest played *Othello* and Brooke *Iago*, and in the great scene in the third act,

where *Othello* lays hold of *Iago*, Forrest put forth the whole of his terrific and tremendous force, which he always did. The moment he finished, Brooke came out with his speech, "Oh, Grace! Oh, Heaven defend me!" etc., in a manner that almost made the roof shake; it absolutely seemed as if Forrest's voice had been nothing. It astonished Forrest, and astonished everybody else. I suppose Brooke had the most powerful lungs, except Salvini's, that were ever given to an actor. That is a very exhausting speech of *Othello's* in this scene, and by the time Forrest was done he was pretty well pumped out, and the other came in fresh. It was not a very wise act upon Brooke's part, and contrary to his better judgment, but he had become so worked up by the repeated warnings against Forrest's tremendous voice that he did it on the spur of the moment. Forrest certainly was never more surprised in the course of his professional life, for it was seldom he met with a man whose utterance could compare with his own in volume and strength.

My first intimate relation with Charles

Mathews the younger was also during my Manchester engagement, when I had become a sort of favorite at the Queen's Theatre — what might be called a semi-star, or asteroid. Mathews and his wife — formerly known as Madame Vestris — came there to play, and of course I was very glad of the opportunity of acting with them, which I did in two or three pieces, receiving the kindest and warmest encouragement from them both. This is one of my pleasantest recollections, one of those remembrances that make me appreciate the fact that a young man's progress may be very much injured or very much aided by the kindness or discouragement shown him by those who are higher in rank than himself. At all events, they did me a great deal of good.



CHARLES J. MATHEWS.

The next I saw of Charles Mathews was when he came to this country in 1857, after his wife's death, and played at what was then the Broadway Theatre, on the corner of Anthony Street.

I met him very frequently at dinner at Boucicault's house and at my own. My father was a great invalid, and Charles used to go and visit him and sit by his bedside continually; and so we got to see a great deal of each other; and it was perfectly remarkable then, as it was afterwards, how lightly he took all the cares and vicissitudes of life. He seemed to go through the world as a grasshopper does: when he found the ground a little rough he hopped and got over it. He was the most lightsome creature that can be imagined, and he never seemed to let care take hold of him.

During this visit to America he played in various cities throughout the country, and I remember his showing me the results of an engagement in one large town, which he invested in a peculiar and characteristic way. His net profits were exactly ten cents, and this particular dime he put upon his watch-chain and wore for many years as a charm. This visit ended with his marriage to the wife of "Dolly" Davenport, formerly Miss Lizzie Weston.

Davenport was then at our theatre, Broadway

near Broome Street, and the famous fracas between them occurred just outside of the stage door of the Metropolitan Theatre (afterwards the Winter Garden), where Mathews was playing an engagement. The usual result followed: there was a great deal of gossip, much controversy in the newspapers, with the inevitable "simmering down"; and Mathews and his wife almost immediately afterwards left America for England. Thence he went for a long tour to India, Australia and New Zealand.

A. H. DAVENPORT.

His last visit was made after my father's death, and when I had become the sole manager of the house on Broadway and Thirteenth Street. He brought over his second wife, who, from being a very handsome, dark-haired woman, had become a brilliant blonde; as was the case with the majority of dark-haired women at that time. He opened at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, and she played in one piece with him. I remember that was the time I produced "The Liar." Mrs. Mathews came to see it the first night, and he

told me afterwards that she had advised him not to play it. He replied, "My dear Lizzie, it is one of my big parts in London; why should n't I play it here?" She said, "Don't think of it." He wanted to find out why he was not to play it, and asked two or three friends, who told him that I had embellished it with new scenery and many effects that he never thought of, and perhaps, if he were to play it, the audience would miss these things, and as he had plenty of other parts it would be just as well if he did not invite the comparison.

MRS. CHARLES MATHEWS.

At last he wrote and told me he wished to see me, so I made an appointment, and he came one day to my office, and said: "My dear Wallack, what is the reason I must wander about from place to place? What is the reason I can't get any chance with you? Here is the very theatre that suits me." I said: "My dear Charles, the reason simply is that the only auxiliary I have is myself; I have a very fine company, and when business is very dull

I go on, and am a great help; but a star theatre I can never make it." "Will you have me in your stock company?" he asked. "Are you joking?" I returned. And he replied, "No, not at all; I shall be delighted. Think what you can give me, and if you come anywhere near what will suit me, nothing will be more charming than to find myself under the management of one I knew almost as a boy."

After duly considering the matter I wrote to him, saying he must make his own proposition, and that I would meet his terms if I could. His reply was: "My dear Wallack, No! No! No!" Upon which I wrote: "My dear Mathews, I will give you one hundred pounds a week for the season." And he replied at once, "My dear Wallack, Yes! Yes! Yes!" And that settled the matter.

He was a member of my company all through the season. I had then revived "The Veteran," to seventeen and eighteen hundred dollars a night, and had to defer his appearance. He came to me and said: "John, this is all wrong; I am taking your money and doing nothing." I

LESTER WALLACK AS LEON DELMAR.

replied, "Charles, take it and *do* nothing, and thank Heaven you are so well off." He asked: "Do you mind if I can make that money by playing an engagement at Brooklyn?" I answered: "No, certainly not; if you can relieve me of two or three of these five hundred dollars, I am willing." And this he did, in a measure, by what he made there. He was very ill at that time, too. It was then that he first told me what a charming club there was in Brooklyn, and was the cause of my ultimately joining the Brooklyn Club, of which I have been a member twelve or fifteen years.

I first brought him out in "London Assurance," at my theatre. I played *Charles Courtly* and he played *Dazzle*. Gilbert was *Sir Harcourt*, Miss Plessy Mordaunt was *Lady Gay Spanker*, and William Floyd was *Dolly*. Then he went through a round of his favorite characters. He played *Puff* in "The Critic" charmingly. Stoddart was the *Don Whiskerandos*, and his death was so excessively droll that Mathews said it was the first time this character had succeeded in making him laugh on the stage, to the neglect of his own

"business." He appeared also during the engagement in "Aggravating Sam," one of his special favorites, and in his old part of *Marplot* in "The Busybody," which I had frequently played on the same boards.

I was sitting in his dressing-room one night when he said: "John, I have been thinking where to place you." I said: "What do you mean?" "Where to place you as an artist," he went on. I was naturally very anxious to hear what he had to say on that point, so I said: "Don't be bashful." I thought perhaps he was going to be a little critical. "Say anything; it must do me good more than harm." He said: "I should call you a mixture of your father and myself. Of your father in melodrama and high comedy, and of myself in what we used in my younger days to call 'touch and go' playing." "Well," I said, "that 's a pretty good mixture, and, seriously, the highest compliment I have ever received."

As a member of a stock company, in spite of his importance as a star, a more genial or charming person cannot be imagined, nor a more loyal

subject. And here it may be remarked that, as a rule, I have always found that the higher the rank of the artist, the more amenable he is to discipline. The troubles in this respect, at least those I have experienced, have always been caused by comparatively unimportant people.

He said one day he had never seen an American yacht. I said: "Well, will you come down and have a little cruise with me on the 'Columbia?'" "For Heaven's sake, don't ask me to sail in her. I have sailed all over the world during the last two or three years, and I am thoroughly sick of the water." I said: "We won't quarrel about it, but come down and dine with me, and you might bring just a dressing-gown and a pair of socks, or something of the sort, because if it should rain very hard you had better sleep aboard, and not have that long journey back." The yacht was then lying off Tompkinsville, Staten Island. He came aboard and was delighted with her. I said: "Are you seasick?" "Oh, this is delicious," he answered as he lay in the cockpit, smoking a cigar. I had given orders quietly to get the anchor up, and before he knew

where he was we were under way, and he did not leave that boat for three or four days. He said he never had a more delightful time in his life.

A more charming table companion and more agreeable person than Charles Mathews could not possibly be. I have somewhere the speech he made (which he sent me in print afterwards) at his benefit and last appearance on my stage. It was in a part called *Sir Simon Simple*, in "Not Such a Fool as he Looks." I had acted, in the first piece, the *Captain of the Watch*, an original part of his which I first saw him play at Covent Garden. That was the last time I ever saw Charles Mathews. I got a most affectionate letter from his wife after he had returned to England, in which she said she never could forget his description of how he was treated by me.

After that Mrs. Wallack met him several times in London, and he was always most attentive and kind to her. On one occasion she went to see him in "My Awful Dad." There was another piece played after it, and Mathews, when he was dressed, came into the box and asked Mrs. Wallack how she liked it. She was

much pleased with it; so he said: "There is but one man, after myself, that can play this part, and that is John. I will make it a present to him." He did so, and she brought out the manuscript. I saw that two long acts would never do, and I rewrote it, making it into three acts. Much of the business is mine, including the address to the jury. I did the latter in imitation of a barrister I had heard in London. That was how I came to have "My Awful Dad." Harry Beckett played the son admirably.

HARRY BECKETT.

I saw Barnay one night in a sort of *petite* comedy, in which he played a part that Charles Mathews would have played inimitably. He was a young gentleman with light hair; a fashionable-looking youth, in a Prince Albert coat and in gray trousers, admirably dressed, and looking as if he might have stood on the steps of a Pall Mall or St. James' Street clubhouse. There was no more in it

than you could see a man like Charles Mathews do, and do equally as well; but it was pleasant and charming. He next appeared as *King Lear*, in which he was simply grand. From the almost flaxen-haired, gentleman-like young swell to the old white-bearded, majestic king was a decided change; and I can conceive nothing much finer than he was through the two or three acts that he presented in that latter impersonation. Finally he played the young Roman — the youthful *Mark Antony* — in the Forum scene; and the contrast between the three characters and the manner in which he presented them showed, I think, what a really great artist is. There you saw a great actor; each thing was inimitable of its kind and absolutely as different and distinct from the other as it could possibly be. The youthful fire and vigor of *Mark Antony* had absolutely nothing in common with the faded grandeur and power of *King Lear*, and certainly neither of them suggested in any way the club-house swell of the present day.

Barnay expressed his disappointment to me in this, that he came here expecting to play before

an American audience, but that at the Thalia Theatre, which is on the Bowery, and to which the uptown and west-side population of New York cannot be induced to go, he found he was playing to fine houses and to enthusiastic audiences, but that he might as well have been playing in Berlin. When Barnay saw me as *Young Marlow* in "She Stoops to Conquer," he came around to my room afterwards and was very enthusiastic. He pointed out to me the reasons why he liked it, and showed me clearly what it is to play before an artist; because, although his knowledge of English was limited and imperfect, he saw what not one person out of ten in an ordinary American or English audience in this period of ours would have seen. That is, he saw the *motive* of everything I did, the effect of the study of what I did. He saw the intellectual side of it. I have given this part a great deal of study, as I do everything I play, right or wrong, and all this he fully appreciated and understood with the sympathy of a close and intelligent student.

But to return to Manchester and my early experiences there. Charlotte and Susan Cushman,

with both of whom I afterwards became very intimate, played "Romeo and Juliet" at the Queen's in 1845; and were the cause of my going to London, that Mecca of all young English actors. Susan was the *Juliet*, and Charlotte said to Mr. Sloane, who was then the lessee of that theatre, "Who is your *Mercutio?*" Sloane replied: "There I think we shall be all right; I have got young Wallack." She asked: "Whom do you mean by young Wallack? I know Mr. James Wallack; I have played with him, and have the greatest admiration for him. I know he has a son; is he on the stage?"

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

"Yes," said Sloane. "I do not see his name here." "No, he calls himself Mr. Lester." "Very inexperienced, I am afraid," said Miss Cushman. "Yes, very inexperienced, but he is said to have a good deal of promise about him." At the end of the first rehearsal without books, Charlotte Cushman put her hand on my shoulder and said: "Young gentleman, there is a great

future before you, if you take care and do not let your vanity run away with you." After that we became great friends, and when she went to fulfil an engagement at the Haymarket she said to Mr. Webster: "Wallack is the coming young man of the day." As I had often seen my father in the part of *Mercutio*, I suppose, for a youngster, it was a better performance than they expected; and that was the commencement of my approach to London.

Mr. Webster thought that he would very much like to get a young man who would hit the public, because Charles Mathews had just left him to go to the Lyceum Theatre. Webster had the Adelphi and the Haymarket both, at that time. Miss Cushman's recommendation of me worked upon him, and he finally engaged me to play at the latter house. My first appearance in London was in a piece called "The Little Devil," a two-act play which Mr. Mathews and his wife had been very successful in. Mr. Farren, Mr. Webster and I consulted as to what would be best for my metropolitan début; and I said I had made some fame in this part of Mathews's at Liverpool,

but I had played in a different version from that of Mathews and Vestris. I wanted to play my own version, as I had my own little business, and all that; but Mr. Webster declared that I should play in his, which was very poor; and also that I should sing. I had never sung a note on the stage, and I told him it would in all probability kill my first appearance, by reason of the extra nervousness in singing a duet with Priscilla Horton (afterwards Mrs. German Reed), and particularly a drinking song, a thing I never dreamed of. Not only did Mr. Webster insist upon my doing this, which required a restudy (there is nothing so difficult as studying the rearrangement of a play you have already learned), but he insisted upon my singing the songs, and sent me on the stage after 11 o'clock at night, and after a five-act comedy. I was a good deal put out at this. I thought it would ruin my chances, and to a certain extent it did, the audience being tired and yawning, many leaving the theatre before I came on.

So well did somebody manage,— I won't say who,— that after a few nights of this I did not act

at all, and when I appeared again it was once more under unfair treatment, as I believe. Mr. Hudson, who was the leading comedian then, was taken ill and could not play *Dazzle* in "London Assurance," which had then been revived. Mr. Boucicault himself attended the rehearsal, and they cast me for *Dazzle*, a part I had never attempted, and which had all the prestige of Mr. Charles Mathews's great name. I had not been allowed to play for some weeks, and I was put on the stage with Mr. Farren, Mr. Buckstone and all these people around me who knew every turn and twist of the business of the comedy; and I naturally appeared under the greatest possible disadvantages. I think that is about all I did do.

DION BOUCICAULT.

CHAPTER III.

How singularly prejudiced the old managers were against anything like an innovation. It was thought an extraordinary thing when Garrick first put on a pair of Elizabethan trunks for *Richard III.* He played *Macbeth* in a square-cut scarlet coat, the costume of an English general, and a regulation wig with a pigtail of his own period, while Mrs. Pritchard, who played *Lady Macbeth*, wore an enormous hoop. Garrick desired very much to wear a Scotch tartan and kilt, and a plaid, with bare legs, the traditional Highland costume. But this was in the days of the Pretender, when no one was allowed to show a plaid in the streets of London. After Garrick had brought in a great deal of wise reform in the way of dress there was a lull again, and no one dared to do anything new. Many

generations later my father was cast for the part of *Tressel*, in Cibber's version of "Richard III." *Tressel* is the youthful messenger who conveys to *King Henry VI.* the news of the murder of his son after the battle of Tewkesbury. My father, a young, ambitious actor, came on with the feather hanging from his cap, all wet, his hair dishevelled, one boot torn nearly off, one spur broken, the other gone entirely, his gauntlet stained with blood, and his sword snapped in twain; at which old Wewitzer, who was the manager, and had been a manager before my father was born, was perfectly shocked. It was too late to do anything then, but the next morning Wewitzer sent for him to come to his office, and addressed him thus: "Young man, how do you ever hope to get on in your profession by deliberately breaking all precedent? What will become of the profession if mere boys are allowed to take these liberties? Why, sir, you should have entered in a suit of decent black, with silk stockings on and with a white handkerchief in your hand." "What! after defeat and flight from battle?" interrupted my father. "That

has nothing at all to do with it," was the reply; "the proprieties! Sir, the proprieties!"

This simply goes to show how difficult it was to introduce anything new in the matter of acting or costume. Some of the papers spoke very highly of the innovation, and the audience was satisfied, if the management was not. Elliston was another early manager of my father's. He was a man whose pomposity and majesty in private life were absolutely amazing; but he was a great actor for all that and an intelligent manager. For example, George IV. was a most theatrical man in all he did, and when his coronation took place he dressed all his courtiers and everybody about him in peculiarly dramatic costumes — dresses of Queen Elizabeth's time. It was all slashed trunks and side cloaks, etc. Of course, the dukes, earls and barons were particularly disgusted at the way they had to exhibit themselves, and as soon as the coronation ceremonies were over these things were thrown aside and sold, and Elliston bought an enormous number of them. He was then the lessee of the Surrey Theatre, where he got up a great pageant

and presented "The Coronation of George IV." He had a platform made in the middle of the pit, and in one scene he strutted down among the audience in the royal robes; at which, with some good-natured chaff, there was a tremendous round of applause. For the moment Elliston became so excited that he imagined he was really the King himself, and spreading out his arms he said, amid dead silence: "Bless you, my people!"

In his later years the habit of drinking became so confirmed that when he was advertised to appear, the public, as in the case of the elder Kean, was never sure whether it was to see him or not. In one season, when my father was stage-manager of Drury Lane, Elliston was announced to play *Falstaff* in "Henry IV.," Macready being cast for *Hotspur* and my father for the *Prince of Wales*. The anxiety to see the performance was great, not only among habitual theatre-goers, but in the profession itself; and Macready, at his own request, had a chair on the stage to watch Elliston's rehearsals. He was perfectly delighted with what he saw; and he believed,

with others, that Elliston was the most perfect *Falstaff* that ever lived. Even in his feeble and intemperate old age he played it magnificently. On this particular occasion, in the scene of the combat between *Hotspur* and the *Prince of Wales*, while *Falstaff* is encouraging the *Prince*, *Douglas* enters, fights with *Falstaff* and leaves him as if dead upon the field. When he is gone *Falstaff*, looking around to see that he is perfectly safe, and that no one is by, gets up, sees *Percy* slain and cries, "I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead," and stabs the body again in the thigh. The speech ends with the words: "Meantime, with this new wound in your thigh, do thou come along with me." Then there is a great deal of "comic business," in which he tries to get *Percy* on his back to carry him in to the *King*, pretending to have killed him himself. When the *Falstaff* of the evening came to this he made one or two ineffectual efforts to get up, and the consequence was that the scene of his attempt to lift *Percy* and carry him off went for nothing. There they were, *Percy* dead and Elliston dead-drunk. My

TESTIMONIALS TO J. W. WALLACK.

father, appreciating all this from behind the scenes, went on, and improvised some Shaksperian lines, adding to the familiar "Farewell, I could have better spared a better man," "Meantime, do thou, *Jack*, come along with me," and, hoisting Elliston on his back, he carried him off the stage, amidst the wildest applause. It appeared a tremendous feat of strength, the audience forgetting for the moment that *Falstaff* was not so heavy as he looked. All the ill temper caused by his drunkenness immediately left them and they roared with laughter.

Poor Elliston at last was so overcome with the gout that he could not act at all. He was then lessee of Drury Lane and my father was his stage-manager, appearing in Elliston's old parts, *Captain Absolute*, *Charles Surface* and the like. At that time there was no zoölogical garden in London, but there was a place called Exeter Change, in which were kept a lot of monkeys and parrots, a few wild animals, some lions (particularly the lion Wallace, who fought the six bull-dogs), and, if not the first, very nearly the

first elephant that was ever exhibited alive in England. They did not know as much about taking care of animals then as they do now, and this elephant went mad, and became so dangerous that it was feared he would break out of his cage and do bodily damage to his keepers and the public, and it was determined he should be killed. A dozen men were sent from the barracks of the Foot Guards, who fired five or six volleys into the poor beast before they finished him.

At that time "The Belle's Stratagem" was being played with my father as *Doricourt*, one of Elliston's great parts. Elliston was in the habit of going to the theatre every night, particularly if one of his own celebrated characters was performed, and being wheeled down to the prompter's place in an invalid's chair, he would sit and watch all that was going on. In the mad scene in "The Belle's Stratagem" *Doricourt*, who is feigning insanity, has a little extravagant "business," and, at a certain exit, he utters some wildly absurd nonsense such as, "Bring me a pigeon pie of snakes." On the night in question,

when the town talked of nothing but the great brute who had been killed by the soldiers the day before, my father on his exit after the mad scene shouted: "Bring me a pickled elephant!" to the delight of the easily pleased house, but to the disgust of the sensitive Elliston, who, shaking his gouty fist at him, cried: "Damn it, you lucky rascal; they never killed an elephant for *me* when *I* played *Doricourt!*"

Many people think that the first man who ever made a great impression as a tamer of wild animals was Vanamburgh; but long previous to his time, and when I was quite a child, there was a Monsieur Martin who played in a piece at Drury Lane Theatre called "Hyder Ali, or the Lions of Mysore." My uncle, Henry Wallack, was *Hyder Ali*, an historical character. In this play there were things done quite as extraordinary as have ever been accomplished by any lion-tamer since. I remember it all perfectly well. There was one scene in which Martin came on, and managed most admirably a fight between himself and two boa-constrictors. Although they must have been in a comparatively torpid state, as it is said they

are when being handled, he managed the combat so beautifully that the reptiles seemed absolutely to be trying to strangle him; and the people shouted with applause. Then there was another scene in which he was attacked by the retainers of *Hyder Ali*. He played a sort of Hindoo, who supported the English troops. The soldiers of *Hyder Ali* made a rush for him, while two great lions, one on each side of him, stood at bay, and, as the men advanced with their spears, flew at them like fiends. The applause was deafening, as much for the soldiers as for the lions, the audience wondering what could make these supernumeraries so marvellously valiant. The reason, however, was simple enough: there was a network of wire, fine but very strong, between the brutes and the soldiers, upon which the lights were so ingeniously arranged that it was quite invisible from the auditorium. The lions could advance no further than this, of course, and as their enemies retreated would stop and growl at them in the most approved leonine way. There were two or three spaces left for the spears to go through, and they had been taught when they

saw one of these, to seize it and shiver it into splinters ; and then the people went wild with applause. Martin was the most extraordinary man I ever saw with animals. My uncle, Henry Wallack, as *Hyder Ali*, was supposed to have repulsed the British, and there was a magnificent procession of soldiers, one hundred and fifty at least. As the curtain was about to fall *Hyder Ali* came out mounted on a great big elephant, who marched to the music down to the footlights, and there stood perfectly still, my uncle Harry with his umbrella-bearer behind him looking very picturesque. The piece ended with this display. I remember perfectly well their putting extra props under the stage to keep these heavy animals from going through.

My father was still stage-manager of Drury Lane in 1827, when Edmund Kean withdrew his allegiance from that house to Covent Garden, to the great indignation of Stephen Price, the lessee. Kean had placed his son Charles at Eton and was bringing him up for the Army, or the Church, or some swell profession, and Price was determined, knowing the boy had a tremendous predilection

for the theatre, that he would stick a thorn in Edmund Kean's side. Consequently he sent my father down to Eton to see the lad;—and the result was that he was brought up from school and persuaded to go upon the stage by Price, who had succeeded in arousing his ambition; and as at that time the elder Kean was treating his wife very badly, Charles, of course, was less inclined to obey his father. When the advertisements came out that Kean's son was going to appear at Drury Lane Theatre the sensation with the public was something enormous; the simple announcement affecting Kean's houses at Covent Garden. The lad came out as *Young Norval* in Home's tragedy of "Douglas," and my father played *Glenalvon*. He dressed Kean and absolutely "shoved" him upon the stage, for he was very nervous;—but he played that night to a tremendous house and to a great reception. Of course it was a very crude performance, and the endeavor to imitate his father in all the passionate scenes was palpable throughout. For a few

CHARLES KEAN.

Dear Hallock, I have got. Gods curse upon me: The damned Cyprus Dr Corpse. desires me to stay at home, till I go to the play- read for me. all Night he kicks at night even though like Sir Hugh Hetherington. I fight upon my Stumps- Cousin. - take you on your Wench Dowry for ever - Ned Kean

nights the curiosity of the town crowded the house, but the excitement did not continue, and he went to the provinces with varying success.

Charles was always devoted to his mother. She travelled about with him in his early days, after his father's death, and when he was between twenty-five and thirty years of age; and he worked hard to make a mere living for the two. During his visits to Brighton he was a frequent guest at my father's house, where he was sincerely liked. On one occasion it chanced that the Duchess of St. Albans was at Brighton while he was playing an engagement there. Moved by an affectionate feeling for the father, with whom (when Miss Mellon) she had often acted, she went to the theatre to see the son; and from the moment she saw Charles his fortune was made. She said: "This young man shall go to the top of the tree," and he did. Her influence in Brighton was all-powerful. Her tradespeople, with their families, filled the pit, and their working people filled the galleries. She made parties for him, and even sent the Duke himself to call for him at the Ship Hotel,

where he was staying. The Duchess was the queen of fashion, and of course Kean at once became popular. This led to his reappearance in London.

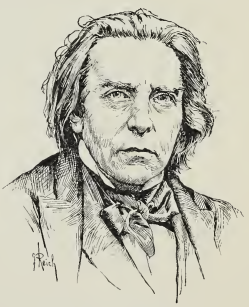
I remember being in Kean's dressing-room in Brighton when Bunn came in to conclude the London engagement. Bunn said: "Don't be alarmed; your success is certain. Your 'Is 't the King?' in 'Hamlet' is what will bring them." When Bunn went out, Kean, who was the most suspicious fellow I ever saw, said: "Is that man serious; is that man sincere?" I don't think that in those days he had faith in anybody except Cole, his biographer.

MRS. CHARLES KEAN.

He subsequently became very intimate with the St. Albans family, which included the niece, Miss Burdett-Coutts; and when the Duchess died the story went around that Kean would have no difficulty in winning the hand of the great heiress. Miss Ellen Tree, who was acting with him, according to rumor had been in love

with him for years. He came into the theatre, at Dublin, one night and said abruptly: "Ellen, if you wish to marry me, to-morrow or never!" He was in a white heat of passion, and the story was that he had just received a flat rejection from Miss Burdett-Coutts. Kean and Miss Tree were married the very next day, and on that night, by a curious coincidence, they acted in "The Honeymoon" together. This story was current at the time; I give it as I heard it, but cannot vouch for its absolute truth.

Douglas Jerrold was a great enemy of Charles Kean. There was some feud between them; what, I do not know; but he never could endure Charles, and invariably spoke of him as "the son of his father." Macready, who admired the genius of the elder Kean, would not have the younger at any price, and used to refer to him, before his London appearance, as "that young man who goes about the country."

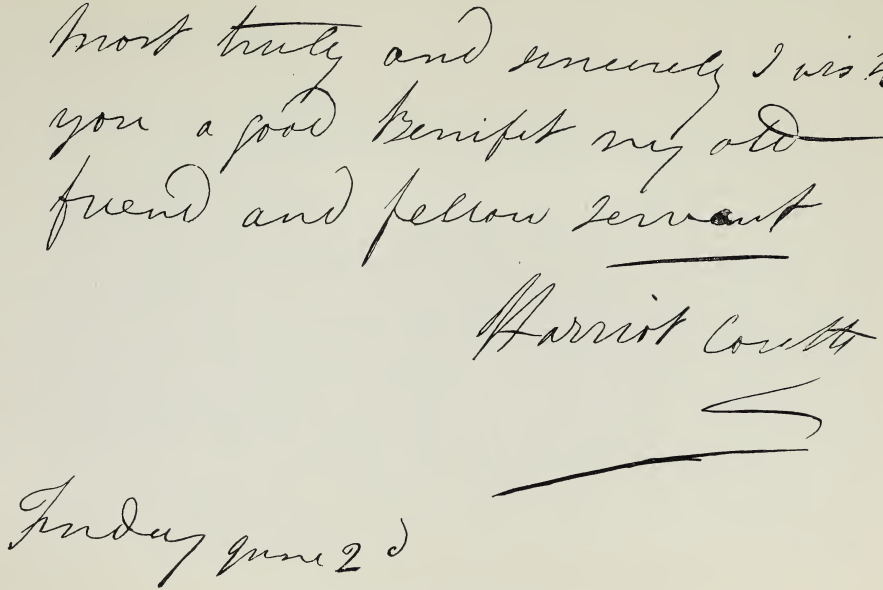


DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Jerrold wrote "The Rent Day," and the plan

of the scenery was taken from Sir David Wilkie's great pictures, "The Rent Day" and "Distraining for Rent." The part of *Martin Heywood* was written for my father. Sir David Wilkie went to see the play and cried like a baby over it. I have a letter he wrote to the then lessee of the theatre about acting. He subsequently sent my father one of the engravings, with his autograph beneath. I have the picture now. The play made a great success at the time.

Charles Kean's second visit to America was under my father's management, in 1839, and he was to have acted *Richard III.* in the National Theatre, New York, the night it was destroyed by fire.


most truly and sincerely I wish
you a good Benifit my old
friend and fellow Servant

Harriot Coutts

Sunday June 2d

[*Harriet Mellon Coutts to Edmund Kean.*]

CHAPTER IV.

WM. E. BURTON first came to this country at my father's instance and by his advice. Burton — as did very many of the debutants from the country theatres — had suffered from the envy and rivalry of those already established in the good graces of London audiences. He appeared in the metropolis, at Covent Garden or Drury Lane, as *Marall* to the *Sir Giles Overreach* of Edmund Kean. Dowton and other esteemed favorites had been familiar in this part, and Burton had, of course, to suffer the usual agonies of comparison. He was discouraged, and, on the whole, treated anything but fairly. In his despondent frame of mind my father, who had met him at various provincial theatres and who well knew his powers, told him there was a fine field open to him in America. Accordingly Burton

BURTON'S THEATRE, CHAMBERS STREET.

came to the United States. He appeared in Philadelphia, was prosperous, became an immense favorite there, and was also much appreciated in literary circles, for he was an accomplished scholar. It was a great pride and pleasure to my father to be the cause of his first appearance in New York, and to bring him out at the National Theatre. His great ability was soon acknowledged and appreciated, and his ultimate success when he took the Chambers Street house was a matter of course.

WILLIAM E. BURTON.

This leads me to speak here of William Mitchell, for a long time Burton's only rival. Mitchell was originally a country actor in England. I am not quite certain whether my father brought him out or found him here, but at any rate he saw him play and was struck with his cleverness and quickness. He had been stage-manager of some of the provincial circuits in England, and my father gave him the same position in the National Theatre,

which was then at the corner of Leonard and Church streets. It had been built for an opera house, but failed in that capacity, and, when my father took it, as I have said, he gave Mitchell direction of the stage. I was over here on a mere visit then in 1838, just as the country was recovering from the great money panic of that year; when they had "shin plasters," as they called them, instead of money, as we had during the late war. In the very zenith of the theatre's success it was burned, and the company of course was thrown out of employment. My father, who was a good deal knocked down at first, "shook his feathers," and as he had people coming whom he had engaged in England he had to find some place for them, so he took Niblo's Garden and there brought out John Vandenhoff's daughter, who made an immense success; which was very fortunate, because it enabled him to employ a number of actors who would otherwise have been idle and without salaries. When his short lease at Niblo's expired he went back to England; and Mitchell as well as the others had to cast about them for what they could get.

Mitchell finally took the building at 444 Broadway, next door to Tattersall's, and turned it into the Olympic Theatre. He made it a cheap house and inaugurated what was the first reduction in prices; namely, twelve and a half cents to the pit. He began to produce travesties on everything that was played anywhere else. He had an actor named Horncastle, who had been a tenor singer in my father's company at the National, a fellow who had some talent for turning serious matter into burlesque. When, for instance, the opera of "Zampa, the Red Corsair," was brought out, they travestied it and called it "Sam Parr and his Red, Coarse Hair." This was the beginning of Mitchell's prosperity. He displayed immense activity in getting everything new which was farcical and burlesque. He was ahead of everybody else, and the consequence was that his house was crowded every night. I rather think that under his management Chanfrau first came out as *Mose*. Mitchell used to talk to the boys in the

F. S. CHANFRAU.

pit, who paid their shilling for admission, and if they were particularly noisy, or misbehaved themselves in any way, he would go on and make a speech, saying, perhaps, "Boys, if you don't behave I 'll raise the price to a quarter, as sure as you live!" A very effectual threat.

The first serious check Mitchell received was from Burton, who was a very shrewd and exceedingly clever man. He saw from a distance, from his eyrie in Philadelphia, what Mitchell was doing; and he came here and took the Chambers Street Theatre, before long completely smothering Mitchell by doing the things he did; only doing them much better. He was a whole host in himself, certainly the first low comedian of his time. From the opening of the Chambers Street house Mitchell's Olympic went down; there is no doubt about that. Burton at last literally snuffed him out; and that, in very brief, is the history of Mitchell's theatre. Burton took care to present everything with a little better scenery, and a good deal better casts, and then he engaged John Brougham, who was worth fifty Horncastles. It

was the very strongest attraction in New York for a very long time.

My father made thirty-five passages across the Atlantic in the old packet ships, before the day of steamers. On the occasion of one of his departures for America, the Drury Club — a branch of the Beefsteak Club — presented him with a gold gridiron with a gold beefsteak upon it, the whole designed by Clarkson Stanfield. Underneath the steak the following inscription by Beazley, a celebrated wit and the architect who built the present Lyceum Theatre, was engraved: "Presented to J. W. Wallack, Esqr., on his Departure to America, by the Members of the Drury Club, May, 1832," with the clever motto, "A steak in both countries, a broil in neither."

He never could endure the ballet, and some of his fashionable friends used to remonstrate with him on the subject at the time when the ballet was an essential thing, and when it followed every opera as a matter of course, being recognized as an indispensable finish to the night's entertainment. But in those days we had, to be sure, Taglioni, Fanny Elssler, Cerito, and Carlotta

Grisi. At last a friend of his, a well-known man about town, said to him: "My dear Wallack, it is very curious that you do not see the beauties of imagination shown by the poses of the ballet," and so on. My father, getting out of patience, replied: "Look here, it is hard enough to stand these absurdities in an opera, and though I *can* comprehend people singing their joys, I am damned if I can understand their dancing their griefs."

However, while he was the manager of the National in New York he succumbed to the popular demands for a dance or a song between the two plays, for there was then always a double bill, and he made a very liberal offer to Signor De Begnis, the vocalist, to go with him to America. De Begnis agreed, and it was understood that he was to give little snatches from the operas—songs from Rossini's "Barbiere," and all those pieces in which the celebrated baritone parts occur—and out he came. At that time I was waiting for an appointment which I had been promised in the army, and my father very much wanted me first to see the land in which I

SIGNOR DE BEGNIS.

had been born. The National Theatre had finished one season, and my father had gone to England to make his engagements for the next. He brought out then with him some people who became very celebrated afterwards: Mr. Wilson, the tenor singer; Seguin and Miss Shirreff. They went in another vessel, but De Begnis took passage with us in a sailing ship called the "Quebec." This was in the year 1838, and we were wind-bound for some days at Portsmouth. De Begnis was with us at the hotel there, with one or two friends and members of my father's company who were to be our fellow-passengers.

De Begnis was delighted at the idea of going to America, and extremely delighted at the idea of going to sea; but he evidently had not the slightest idea what a sea voyage was like, beyond a smooth-water trip to Dublin which he had made in some of the steamboats. This was just a few months before steamers started running across the Atlantic. The ship that was to take us to America was at Spithead, Portsmouth, waiting for the wind to change. It was a violent head-wind, and the captain decided, as there was

a great deal of business to be done with the agents at Portsmouth, that he would not start until the wind was in the right quarter; so we took it as easy as we could in the hotel there. De Begnis made up his mind one morning to make a visit to the vessel at Spithead, about five or six miles from Portsmouth, which he did, going out in one of the fine, large pilot boats of those waters. He was awfully frightened because there was rather a sea on, and when he got aboard the ship he was so pleased to find himself alive that he would not go back. While we were waiting dinner for him the boat returned, bringing a note from him to my father, written in French and reading: "Pray send up to my room, get all my packages and send them off to the ship. I could not dare venture back, for *je n'aime pas la danse du petit bateau!*"

Well, when we started, as we did at last as soon as the gale moderated, De Begnis, who was never for a moment seasick, was the most nervous creature I ever saw in my life. When he came up on deck wrapped in a huge velvet cloak and wearing a black velvet cap, he used to ex-

press wonder at everything he saw. It happened a couple of nights after we sailed that the captain, thinking it was coming on to blow, sent aloft to shorten sail. De Begnis said to him: "Oh, ah, mon Capitaine, de man! what he go up dere for, why he go up the pole?" meaning the mast. "He is going up to reef the topsail," replied the captain. "To do what?" "To reef the topsail." "To reefa de top of de sail? In de dark? Mon Dieu! now he go higher, and without a candle!"

He was about six feet in height,— a very large man,—with a tremendous portly kind of bearing, and it was all the more funny to see the awful funk he was in if it blew in the slightest degree; the only time he was really happy being when it was a dead calm. When all the passengers were blaspheming at the delay he would say: "Ah, it is beautiful; it is a callum to-day. I am not afright; when it blow I am afright; to-day it is a callum, and I go to play veest!"

I used to climb to the mizzentop very often with my book in my pocket, and sit there with my arm around a rope and read by the hour. The

first time De Begnis saw me going up the shrouds he said: "Ha! look at de young Wallack! Don't go up dere, you fools; suppose de strings was to broke, you 'd go to de devil in de water!" One night it was blowing very hard, and the ship was "taken aback," which is a very dangerous thing, and my father, who was an old sailor, knew what it meant, and sung out to the steward: "Shut in the deadlights!" The next morning it was all right again, the sea had gone down, and De Begnis, who had been awfully scared, said: "I was not the only one afright; there was the old Wallack, he was afright; I hear him call to de steward to give him a light to die by!" The first day out we were what is called "on the wind," and the vessel was lying over pretty well. De Begnis, with nothing on but his drawers and shirt, put his body half-way into the main cabin and called out: "Steward! where de devil is de steward! Aska de capitaine why de ship she goes so crook! Tell him de Signor de Begnis cannot shave!" He stood one day by the wheel and said: "What de devil that man he do, he turn de wheel around?" The captain replied: "He

steers the vessel." "What is dat he keep a-looking at like a damn fool?" "That is the compass; he watches the compass and steers the vessel by it." "Ha! dat is a umpick" [humbug]. "How do you suppose we find our way across the ocean then?" asked the captain. "You get de ship by de shore, you put up de sail, de wind she blow, and you go dis way and dat way. Sometimes de straight way, and after a while you get dere by chance, God knows how! And yet you tell me dat de man he make her go *straight* when he turn de wheel *round?* Umpick! All umpick!"

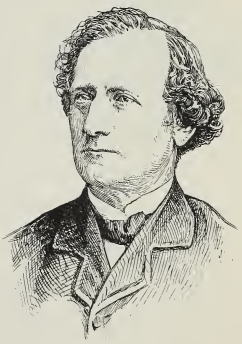
Although he longed to go back to his own country he never had the courage. He arrived in the year 1838 and died here of cholera in 1849. When I came over to make my appearance, ten years after this voyage, I found De Begnis here singing at concerts and all that kind of thing. He had money of his own too. He used to say: "Why de devil your father he go so often across de ocean? Some day he go to play *Don Cæsar de Bazan* with de fish."

Mr. Tom Hamblin, a very old friend of my father's, came to him one day during his

management of the National Theatre, and said that he had discovered a remarkable genius. Hamblin had then just married a Miss Medina, a literary lady, and whether it was his wife or himself who had made this great discovery I do not remember; but that does not matter. He said: "This is an extraordinary girl; she is the daughter of a dreadful old woman, who is anything but what she should be; but she is herself a charming little creature. The old mother has been able to keep her at school, and the child is a pure, sweet little thing, seventeen years old. My wife has written an adaptation of Bulwer's 'Ernest Maltravers,' and here will be a great chance for a sensation, if you will bring out the play and engage the girl, who is now under my tuition and under my wife's chaperonage. We want to keep her out of this dreadful ditch in which her mother and her associates are floundering; and the mother has given her to us to take care of."

THOMAS HAMBLIN.

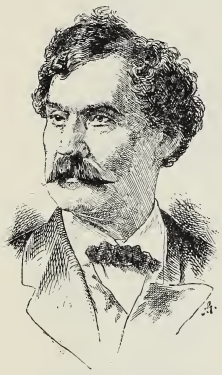
My father answered, "Very well," and he engaged Mr. Hamblin and his *protégée*, having first, of course, read the play. He found that there was a part in it called *Richard Darvil*, very cleverly adapted and amplified, and that Miss Medina had carried the scene into Italy and had turned him from an English highway robber into a sort of brigand hero, all of which she did to fit my father's romantic style. My father played *Richard Darvil*, Hamblin played *Ernest*, C. W. Clarke, I think, was in the cast, the little prodigy, who was called "Miss Missouri," appeared as *Alice*, and the drama made an enormous hit. What follows is very curious and very sad.



C. W. CLARKE.

There was, of course, much gossip about the heroine, because of her decided ability, her beauty and her romantic story; and it was more than insinuated that she was one of Hamblin's victims, and that Mrs. Hamblin, who had taken her out of the gutter, had written this part for her and helped create the great sensation for

her, was fully aware of the fact. Well, houses were crowded. Hamblin was a general favorite, and my father, of course, was enormously popular; but the great thing was this girl. When the play was in its zenith Miss Missouri was taken suddenly ill and died in the very midst of her great success. The old woman (the mother) reported that she had been ruined by Hamblin, and that this Miss Medina in revenge had poisoned her. The story went about, and there was the most terrific row that can possibly be imagined. Hamblin could hardly appear, for fear of being mobbed. Of course, my father had to stop the run of the play for the moment; and, indeed, I think before she died that my father had given up the part of *Richard Darvil*, Hamblin taking it, and young James Wallack, my cousin, playing *Ernest Maltravers*. I think my father had some engagement to fulfil elsewhere out of his own theatre. At any rate, the poor girl died, and it



JAMES W. WALLACK, JR.

is certain that Hamblin's enemies made the most of the matter. But at last it all blew over. I do not for a moment believe that Hamblin was responsible for the girl's death, but that she died of consumption, being naturally very delicate.

I remember very well dining with Hamblin and his wife (who retained her *nom de plume*, "Medina") during the following year. She was one of the most brilliant women I ever met. She was very plain, but a wonderfully bright woman, charming in every way. Well, while I was here on that visit, and a very short time after that very dinner at which I was present, *she* died also, and this old woman, the mother of Missouri, immediately went about swearing that Hamblin was then living with somebody else, and that between them they had killed his wife. I was at the Astor House, where we were stopping then, and my father came home a good deal worried and flustered. He had been sent for by Hamblin, who was there with the corpse in the house. A mob had gathered around the door, and they were going to batter it down and kill Hamblin; the terrible old woman haranguing

all the Bowery people she had collected together for that purpose. She said that he was not content, after causing the murder of her own child, until he had murdered the murderess; and nothing but my father's personal popularity quieted that mob. He got on the steps of the house and made a speech to them. She was a horrible sight, this old woman, with her long white witch-like hair flying about her face, in appearance a perfect Meg Merrilies.

I remember one of Hamblin's great parts was in the adaptation of a novel called "Norman Leslie," in which he played the hero. He was playing that part among others when Miss Medina was taken ill. She was not the mother of any of his children. I remember the younger Tom Hamblin when the Theatrical Fund was first started here. They used to have a Fund Dinner and the plate was sent around; and a magnificent success it was at first. I don't know why they ever gave it up. Once when Colonel Henry Stebbins presided, my father sitting on his right and Burton on his left (they dined at the Astor House), to the astonishment of the

two hundred persons who were present, as the dessert came on, this handsome little boy in a jacket walked calmly around the tables till he came to the chairman, when he presented a paper which read: "The widow of Thomas Hamblin [Mrs. Shaw] sends his son to express her wishes for the success of the Theatrical Fund." Hamblin married Mrs. Shaw after Miss Medina's death.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Lord Lytton wrote "Money" early in the forties, my father was engaged in the Haymarket Theatre, and was acting with Macready. One day he came to the house and said: "Jack, here is a great chance for you. You can read 'Money,' the play which they say is going to out-celebrate 'The School for Scandal.' They want to ring me into it, but I do not see anything in it I can do." When I had read the manuscript I exclaimed: "Good Heavens, it will take three weeks to play it once through." It was terribly long, and certainly it would have taken a good six hours. My father said: "Macready and Bulwer want me to play *Captain Dudley Smooth;* I have read the part but have not read the play, so you can tell me what you think of it." Well, I sat up all night over it, and felt it a

tremendous compliment to have a chance to read the comedy which was to set the whole town on fire. My father then read the play, and told Sir Edward and Macready that he could not see himself in the part, and that he was perfectly sure he could not do it justice. Macready said: "Will you let me read the part to you as *I* conceive it?" My father of course consented, and Macready came to the house for that purpose, and when he had finished my father said: "I can see the merit of the part, but I do not see the merit of Mr. Wallack in it. Do you think Sir Edward would allow me to make a suggestion?" Macready said he thought so, and my father continued: "You have the very man for the part in the theater — Wrench." The result was that Wrench was the original *Smooth* and played it admirably.

BULWER-LYTTON.

The first night the piece seemed to the audience unconscionably long, and some of the very scenes that afterwards became most celebrated,

and most liked, were hissed. I do not know why; probably it may have been because of Sir Edward's personal or political enemies who were in the house, or perhaps the audience thought it too bold a departure from the old style. At all events there was a good deal of doubt about its success. But it was continued; people got used to it; Mr. Webster pushed it, and the consequence was that it began to grow popular after about the twentieth night, and it was destined to enjoy a long run. Years afterwards, when Macready was in this country, he was asked to play the part of *Alfred Evelyn*, and he is reported to have replied: "I will *not* play that damned 'walking gentleman' any more."

There are very few people now living, strange to say, who remember much of Macready's acting. I do not know why, because it is not so long since he retired, but I think that some description of his style and method would be interesting here.

I was struck one day at rehearsal by a little altercation, although not a very ill-natured one, between two members of my company, one a

lady and the other a gentleman. The lady said: "Mr. Wallack, may I request Mr. Blank not to reply too quickly upon the ends of my speeches?" I turned to him and said: "Do not be quite so quick in your cues." He replied: "I see what you mean, Mr. Wallack, but I have not been used to these Macready pauses." I was puzzled to know what was meant by "Macready pauses," but the thing passed by only to occur again, when another gentleman of my company, who was relating an anecdote, said: "Well, she made one of those 'Macready pauses,'" and then I began to think seriously what the phrase might mean, and on the next occasion, which was the third

W. C. MACREADY.

time I had heard it, I said: "Stop," my patience being rather exhausted. "What do you mean by 'Macready pauses?' All you people, who have never seen Mr. Macready, but have merely heard of him as an eminent tragedian, seem to have a ridiculous idea about this; tell me what you mean by 'Macready pauses?'" They replied: "Well, we have always heard that phrase used, Mr. Wallack." I replied that Mr. Macready was no more given to making unnecessary pauses than any other actor I ever knew, and that if he did make a pause there was a purpose in it, a meaning and a motive, which was always evident by its effect on the audience.

There never was a man more effective than Mr. Macready, and in certain of his famous parts, since acted by other eminent artists, I have never seen anybody to equal him. Sir Frederick Pollock gives no idea of his acting at all. He does not show where Macready made his great effects. Macready, if he was anything in the world, was a student, and a great characteristic of his acting was that he was always *in earnest;* he never was guilty of what is

called playing to his audience. The elder Kean sometimes did this; but Macready never. His eye and his heart and his mind and his feeling were always with the author, always what the French call *en scene.* I remember in a play called "Nina Sforza," in which Miss Faucit and my father supported him, one speech of his that greatly impressed me. His profile was towards the house as he stood facing the actor upon the stage; and looking directly at his enemy he uttered the most bitter of speeches as an aside, making his audience understand fully that what he seemed to speak he only thought. I do not remember any other actor who could have accomplished this as he did it. He had a marvellous command of voice. His even speaking in its way was the most melodious I ever heard. In a whirlwind of passion I have known many voices more powerful and quite as effective, but I remember nothing in really classical acting anything so beautiful as Macready in what we used to call "even-speaking."

In this piece of "Nina Sforza" my father played a part called *Raphael Doria.* The drama

was founded on the feuds of the *Dorias* and the *Spinolas*, in which the *Dorias* had been victorious and had completely ruined their enemies. This man *Ugone Spinola* had been pardoned by *Doria*, who had made a sort of companion of him out of pity, and because he had ruined him, and *Spinola* followed *Doria* everywhere; ministered to his pleasures, tempted him to do everything that was evil, and in fact was insidiously leading him to his ruin. In one scene of the play Macready as *Ugone* had a soliloquy that was superbly given. The lines, as well as I remember them, began:

"O Doria, Doria,
When wilt thou pay me back the many groans,
The tears, I 've wept in secret.
. . . . . .
When the red currents ran Spinola blood,
And all our old ancestral palaces
Were charred and levelled with the cumbent earth,
In irreparable and endless shame."

During this entire speech he played with his dagger in a nervous, semi-unconscious manner, drawing it half-way out of its sheath and letting

it fall back, to be half withdrawn again. This action, simple as it appeared, emphasized most significantly the vengeful spirit of the words he uttered. It was a well-written play. Helen Faucit was excellent in it and my father had a very fine part.

I remember one night, when walking home with my father from the Haymarket Theatre after the performance, which had been the play of "Virginius," that I asked him if he thought anything could be finer than Macready's acting of the titular part. He replied: "My boy, you cannot excel perfection!"

I stood in front of the Astor Place Opera House on the night of the famous Macready-Forrest riot where the crowd was thickest, with my back to the railings of Mrs. Langdon's house, and when the military (the eighth company of the Seventh Regiment) came up there were, curious to say, a great many women in the crowd. After the second volley was fired I heard a cry from behind me, and turned to see a man seated on the railings of Mrs. Langdon's house. He had been shot, and with a groan toppled over to

the ground at my feet. I afterwards saw him lying dead at the hospital. After the firing I left the porch of the Union Club, then in Broadway, where I had taken refuge, with a "man about town," well known as "Dandy Marks." We stopped at a restaurant on Broadway and found there a crowd made up of all sorts of people discussing this riot. The town was in a fearful condition, and for several days after was like a city in a state of siege. Some were saying it was a rascally thing that the people should be shot down and murdered in the streets, and others were arguing that the military had only done their duty. Marks naturally was all on the side of the military, because he commanded a troop of horse which dressed after the English 10th Hussars, and was composed of young men of the best families in the city. One debater got so extremely excited discussing the riot that the tears ran down his face, and at length in a sort of frenzy he took off his coat and began "letting out" at everybody around him, no matter whether his victims were on his side of the question or not. He hit here, and there, and

cracked right, left and center, clearing the whole place in a very few moments. When the thing was over Marks was not to be found; and I had retired early myself!

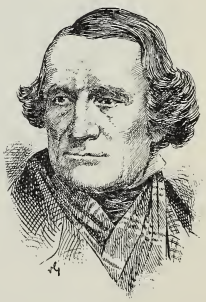
Forrest in the engagement during which the riots occurred played *Macbeth*, and when the lines came: "What rhubarb, senna or what purgative drug will scour these English hence?" the whole house rose and cheered for many minutes.

Fredericks, an actor who died recently, was an exceedingly good-looking, tall and finely built man. He was an Irishman, and of rather a cynical and jealous nature. Macready, who was always rather dictatorial, worried Fredericks a good deal at rehearsals, and Fredericks, on Macready's last visit here, chanced to see him play *Othello*. Now it is a fact that the great tragedian's appearance in "Othello" was very opposite to, and very much belied, the beauty of his acting. He wore a big negro-looking wig, and a long gown, in which he was very awkward; indeed he looked more like a very tall woman than a soldierly man. Fredericks was afterwards at a party, at

which there was a great deal too much praise of Macready floating about to please him; and at last he was appealed to for his opinion, and said: "I have nothing to say about the man's acting! But he *looked* like an elderly negress, of evil repute, going to a fancy ball!"

CHAPTER VI.

WHILE I was still a member of Mr. Webster's company, to go back to the story of my own career, Mr. George H. Barrett, who had come to England to make engagements for a new theatre which was building on Broadway, near the corner of Anthony Street, New York, and which was to be called "The Broadway," went to the Haymarket, saw me, and thought he had found the very thing he wanted for America. He came to my mother's house and asked: "When does this season end?" I told him, and he said: "Well, now, what are you getting here?" "Six pounds a week," a very good salary in those days. He replied: "Well, I will give you eight, if you will go to the States." It was a great temptation,



GEORGE H. BARRETT.

because it secured to me the first line of comedy and because my father was then in America; so I closed with him at once, and at the end of the Haymarket season sailed *via* the Cunard line, which then went to Boston only. There I saw my father, who was just about to start for England.

This was the cause of my coming to America as an actor. I opened the Broadway Theatre, playing *Sir Charles Coldstream*, fell through a trap on the first night and nearly got killed. The stage had been built in a very hurried manner. Jumping on the trap, it gave way and I went through, but fortunately had presence of mind enough to catch myself by the elbows. I picked myself up uninjured, and had one of the greatest receptions I ever remember. I was the success of the evening, so the newspapers said. In those days I lived on Broadway, at a boarding-house kept by a Mrs. Black near Broome Street. Wallack's Theatre, strangely enough, afterwards stood on that very spot.

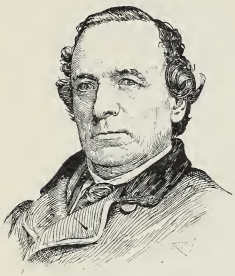
The Broadway Theatre was built by, or for, one Col. Alvah Mann. The first season was

BROADWAY THEATRE, NEAR ANTHONY STREET.

a losing one. There was a succession of managers, things were going very badly, and Mr. George Barrett finally gave up the stage management, which devolved upon Mr. James Wallack, Jr., my cousin; it then came into the hands of Mr. George Vandenhoff; at last it came to Mr. William Rufus Blake, and then was produced Boucicault's "Old Heads and Young Hearts," with Mr. Blake as *Jesse Rural.* The drama, which had never been done here before, brought up the fortunes of the theatre again. The next season Mr. Blake was still stage-manager, and we repeated various plays. Mr. Forrest had a very successful engagement there, during which I played *Cassio* to his *Othello.* Then James Anderson played an engagement, and I acted with him. I supported Forrest too in the "Broker of Bogota," and that was the first idea I got that I could do some serious work.

The fortunes of the theatre went down once more, until at last an actor named George Andrews got hold of a book which was exciting and interesting the whole town. It was Dumas's "Count of Monte-Cristo." Andrews made a drama-

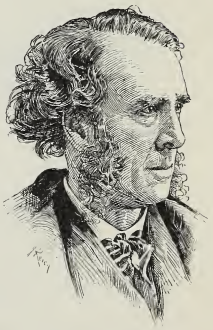
tization of it, and offered it as a holiday piece, to be brought out on Christmas night. Mr. Blake came to me and told me about it. I said it was capable of making an excellent drama. He replied: "The drama is made; and you must play *Monte-Cristo*." "Good Heavens, I cannot," said I. "You must do this or the theatre will close," he answered; "we have no one else to do it." I was in a horrible fright, for I had never attempted anything of the kind; but I said: "Very well, I will try it, and if I fail it will not be my fault." The consequence was an immense success — one of the first plays that rivaled "Richard III." and "London Assurance" by a run of one hundred nights. Fanny Wallack, my cousin, played *Haidee* and Mr. Fredericks played *Fernand*. Hadaway was in the piece and played *Caderousse*. It was the great hit of the season, and the thing that saved the theatre from bankruptcy. It was from *Monte-Cristo* that I got what celebrity I ever had in melodramatic characters,



THOMAS HADAWAY.

and, singular to say, most of the greatest successes I ever had were in parts which were a mixture of the serious and comic, like "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," "Jessie Brown," "Rosedale" and "The Streets of New York."

I first met George Vandenhoff at the Broadway Theatre, where it seems he had made an engagement with Colonel Mann, in which he stipulated that he should not be held inferior to any one in the company. In other words, he was to be strictly the leading man. When Mr. Blake came into the stage management he advocated making a star theatre of it, and among other stars he engaged was my cousin, Mr. James Wallack, Jr. The opening play was "Othello," in which Wallack was cast for *Othello*, as a matter of course, and Vandenhoff for *Iago*. About half-past six, the curtain being supposed to rise at seven, there was no Mr. Vandenhoff in the theatre. They sent a message to his lodgings or his hotel,



GEORGE VANDENHOFF.

or wherever he was, to know whether he was aware of the lateness of the hour. The messenger came back and reported that Mr. Vandenhoff was out and had left no word as to when he would return. The time approached for the commencement of the performance. Mr. Wallack was waiting, dressed for *Othello;* I was waiting, dressed for *Cassio*, which I was to play that night; everybody was waiting, dressed for everything. No Mr. Vandenhoff, no message, until about five minutes before the curtain should have risen, when a note did arrive at last from him, explaining that as his name in the bills and advertisements did not appear in equal prominence with Mr. Wallack's he did not intend to play at all. There was naturally a great deal of indignation expressed on the part of the management; the audience were becoming impatient, and eventually Mr. Blake went upon the stage before the curtain to explain the cause of the delay. He spoke to this effect :

"Ladies and gentlemen: I am very sorry to appear before you as an apologist. We shall give you the play, but without Mr. Vandenhoff,

who, not ten minutes ago, sent word that he would not act because his name did not appear in the bills in equal type with Mr. James Wallack's. It has been left to the management to give you an acceptable substitute in the person of Mr. Dyott, who, at this singularly short notice, will appear as *Iago*. [Great applause.] We have given you the best possible remedy for the disappointment, and we leave it to you to give Mr. Vandenhoff his just deserts whenever he shall appear before you again."

JOHN DYOTT.

The result of this was a very successful performance of the tragedy and a challenge from Mr. Vandenhoff to Mr. Blake. Mr. Thomas Placide consented to act as Mr. Blake's second. The affair, however, was patched up by the interference of mutual friends and no blood was shed.

Mr. Blake, off the stage as well as on, was a positive epitome of fun and humor. There was a gentleman in the company named Hind, who came to him one day with the pomposity which

I have generally remarked prevails in a greater degree among the lesser luminaries of the stage than among the greater, and said:

THOMAS PLACIDE.

"Mr. Blake, I have observed an omission in the bills with regard to my name."

Mr. Blake turned around from the managerial table and gazed at him with some surprise.

"Mr. Hind, what is the omission?"

"I have always been particular, sir, about my initials; they are not in the bill."

Mr. Blake, without asking him what his initials were, said very solemnly:

"Mr. Hind, the omission shall be rectified." The consequence was that in the next bill in which the gentleman's name occurred Mr. Blake put "The Character of *so and so* by Mr. B. Hind," which, of course, caused a great deal of amusement in the company and a great deal of indignation on the part of Mr. Hind, whose

initials were T. J., but who was called "Mr. Behind" ever after.

On another occasion Mr. Blake had to deal with a gentleman of a somewhat higher style of ambition, whom we will call Jones. On the 22d of February a patriotic play was produced, which concluded with the appearance of the figure of Washington surrounded by every sort of emblem of patriotism — in fact, in a blaze of glory. Mr. Jones said to the stage-manager:

"Mr. Blake, I have frequently played the part that you have cast me for in this piece. I represent the officer who carries the flag of our nation, and I have always, in that particular scene in which I carried it, been accustomed to sing 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'" Mr. Blake replied:

WILLIAM RUFUS BLAKE.

"But a song here is entirely out of place; it will be an interruption to the course of the play, and on this occasion I cannot consent to its introduction. We cannot sacrifice the play on that account." Mr. Jones replied:

"Mr. Blake, if I am to play this part I *must* sing 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' My name has invariably been in the bills with the addition of this line: 'In which he will sing "The Star-Spangled Banner."' Mr. Blake persevered in his denial of the request, when Jones drew himself up to his full height, which, by the bye, was not above five feet four, and majestically said:

"Mr. Blake, I wish it to be recorded that I *insist* upon being billed as singing 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"

Blake declined any further conversation on the subject. But in the bill he wrote: "The Character of *so and so* by Mr. Jones, in which he insists upon singing 'The Star-Spangled Banner!'"

John Brougham in the mean time left Burton to go into management for himself at the little theatre on Broadway, near Broome Street, built for him and called "Brougham's Lyceum." Burton engaged Mr. Blake and myself; and having Mrs. Russell, afterwards so well known as Mrs. Hoey, and also Mrs. Vernon, Mr. Jordan and Mr. Tom Johnston, a strong combination, he

wisely determined to present the old comedies, which became his staple commodity for that season and the next. At the end of the first of these I went to England, where I found my father rapidly recovering from what had been a very serious illness; and under the advice of his physicians I persuaded him to return to America with me. During the season which followed our arrival I was still fulfilling my second engagement at Burton's; and all this time Brougham's management was, as he himself described it to me, "a struggle; things continually going from bad to worse."

GEORGE JORDAN.

It having been ascertained that Brougham must positively retire from the management, Major Rogers, the owner, determined to offer the house to my father, and the story of the transaction is rather a curious one, and perhaps worth repeating. They had various meetings on the subject of a lease, my father thinking the rent demanded too high, and Rogers that it was not high enough; and they had

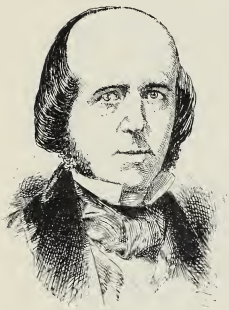
all those little disagreements which occur between people who are striking a bargain. They met finally on the stage one day, when the theatre was quite empty and in charge of a janitor, and my father said: "Well, my dear Major Rogers, that ends the affair. I have made the best proposal I can afford, and therefore we must, I suppose, let the matter drop; but although the house is not a very good one, not so full as I could wish, I will try to explain to the audience." Whereupon he walked down the stage and addressed the empty seats as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, in consequence of the impossibility of a definite arrangement between Major Rogers and myself, I beg first to tender to him my thanks for the patience with which he has listened to my unsuccessful arguments, and to offer to you my regrets that the kind and flattering desires that have been expressed, through the newspapers and by many of you individually, that I should have the honor of catering for your

MRS. VERNON.

amusement here cannot be realized." He then bowed and turned up the stage to go out at the stage-door, when Major Rogers cried: "Stop! stop! That 's enough; I consent to everything!" and the bargain was struck. The first thing my father did when he took possession of the Lyceum was to engage Brougham and Blake, and naturally, of course, I also cast in my fortune with him and became his stage-manager and leading man.

A lady came to me one day and said she had heard that we were going to bring out a burlesque written by John Brougham and called "Pocahontas." This was a Miss Georgiana Hodson, one of the handsomest women I ever saw. My father was ill in bed at this time, and I talked the matter over with her. I thought she looked like the sort of woman we wanted for the part. She had played in Boston, where she was a favorite, but she was anxious to make a New York appearance; so she was engaged and "Pocahontas" was produced with great success. The piece was immensely clever and Brougham and Walcot were delightful in it. There was a Mr.

Fred Lyster in the company who was spoiling to do something more than play simple parts in Wallack's Theatre. He was a musical man and he worked matters until at last he persuaded Miss Hodson that there was a gold mine waiting for her in California. One night, when I had acted in the first piece and was, as my father's representative, looking after matters, the prompter came to me in a great hurry and said: "Mr. Wallack, Miss Hodson has n't arrived." I replied: "The first piece is over; she must be here; she must certainly be dressing by this time." "She has not arrived, sir," reiterated the prompter. I thought she might be ill, and sent to her residence to inquire; but Miss Hodson had gone, bag and baggage, and the position the management was in was a very peculiar one indeed. "Pocahontas" was a great attraction then, and what to do I did not know. I went down to tell Mr. Brougham and Mr. Walcot, who dressed in the same room. I said: "Gentlemen,



CHARLES WALCOT.

we are in a 'fix.' Miss Hodson has cut and run with Mr. Lyster and his company. All gone — I don't know where, except that I heard some talk and gossip of her ultimate intention of visiting California." John Brougham stood speechless, holding the hare's foot with which he was coloring his face. Walcot turned round and gasped, "For Heaven's sake, what are we going to do?" "I don't know, but I 'll tell you what: if you are game we will play the piece without her." "Bless me," said Brougham, "play 'Pocahontas' *without Pocahontas?*" "Yes; you will have to improvise. Get ready now and I will take care of the audience."

I went on to the stage and said: "I am very sorry to appear, ladies and gentlemen, in the character of an apologist. You have seen a good deal of me to-night in the first play, and I only wish that the extra sight you have of me could be accompanied by a more agreeable result; but I am obliged to tell you that we have no *Pocahontas.* Of course, under these circumstances we can but do what we should do; and to those who are not satisfied with this fact, and are not content to take what

we can give them, we will return the money." Walcot, who was standing at the side, called out like a prompter: "Half the money, dear boy; half the money; they have had half the show." But I paid no attention to him and continued: "We can give you a charming novelty instead." Some of the people who were preparing to leave sat down again and all were quiet, wondering what was coming. "We will give you the play of 'Pocahontas' without *Pocahontas.*" There was a shout directly. I said: "Therefore, as far as giving you 'Pocahontas' goes, there will be no disappointment." The result was one of the greatest sprees ever seen upon the stage. Those two men were so clever that they absolutely improvised all that was required in verse, and the burlesque never went better—perhaps from that very fact. Mary Gannon played the part of *Pocahontas* the next night.

MARY GANNON.

It seemed decreed that when left to take care of the theatre during my father's absence I should

meet the sort of things I encountered with Miss Hodson. My father went to Boston to play a star engagement one winter and left me in charge of the theatre. Sheridan's "Rivals" was running. Brougham was the *Sir Lucius*, Blake the *Sir Anthony Absolute*, I was the *Captain Absolute* and Miss Laura Keene was *Lydia Languish*. A short time before the curtain was to rise on a certain evening the prompter came to me in a great state of mind and said: "Miss Keene has not arrived." (This, by the way, was previous to Miss Hodson's flight.) I sent to her house to know if she was ill, and found she had gone off to Baltimore with a man named Lutz. This person, it is said, had induced a lot of wealthy men to take a theatre and fit it up for him, on condition that he engaged Miss Keene, and this he did. Before I had time to tell the audience about the difficulty a Mr. Meyers, who kept what was known as Meyers's Mourning Store, on

LAURA KEENE.

Broadway, very near the theatre, and who was a great friend of Miss Keene's (he and his daughters), sent word to say that he wished to see me at once. Although I was very busy I consented, because I fancied that he was privy to this whole affair, and thought perhaps he might have some reason to give or some explanation to make. He came rushing in and said, "What are you going to do?" I told him I was going on the stage to tell the people that Miss Keene had left. He replied, "I am going out in front as Miss Keene's friend to hear what you have to say." I went on and told the exact truth. I said: "I am very sorry to have to ask your indulgence for the lady who is going, on a very short notice, to undertake the part of *Lydia Languish*. She may, possibly, have to read it." There was a great murmur, "Miss Keene! Miss Keene!" "If you will give me your patience for a few moments I will explain." I continued: "Miss Keene has left the theatre and left the city. I do not know anything

MRS. F. B. CONWAY.

about where she has gone, nor on what principle she has disappointed you to-night. I only tell you she has left the theater." The apology was accepted, the comedy was produced, and Mrs. Conway went through with flying colors as *Lydia*. Miss Keene subsequently wrote a letter to the papers in which she said she had gone to Baltimore because she had a brother who was very ill there.

MRS. HOEY.

Miss Keene's place as leading lady was filled by Mrs. Hoey, who had retired from the stage upon her marriage to Mr. John Hoey, in 1851. As Mrs. Russell she had been a member of Burton's Company for a number of years, and was a great favorite. Not long after Miss Keene's departure I went one New Year's day to call on Mrs. Hoey and her husband. She said to me, "I want to speak to you," took me to the window, and, after looking at me a moment, added: "I am going back on the stage." "What! does John not object?" She replied: "He only makes the condition, that if I go on the stage

again it is to be at Mr. Wallack's theatre, and nowhere else." I immediately caught on to this, because Miss Keene's going away had left a gap which was very difficult to fill, and a leading lady is never easy to find. When I went home I told my father of this, and he asked: "But who is this Mrs. Russell?" "Mrs. Russell is the best lady you can possibly get. She has been off the stage two or three years, but she was a very charming person and is exceedingly and justly popular, which, after all, is the great thing."

So I introduced Mrs. Russell, or Mrs. Hoey, to my father, and the result was that he engaged her, and she made her reappearance in Sheridan Knowles's "Love Chase." I played *Wildrake*, and she *Constance*. I have seen stage fright very often, but I never shall forget the fright she was in that night. It would have been a very mortifying thing if she had made a failure then, and she was naturally very nervous, but she soon overcame it and was the enormous favorite she had been before. That is the history of her coming back. Burton was very angry that she

did not return to him, but Wallack's Theatre had become the fashionable place of amusement and everything was going up-town. Wallack's was almost a mile above Burton's Chambers Street house, and that was decidedly in its favor. Then we went at the comedies again, and Mrs. Hoey very soon came to the front and got her old place, and even a higher one. In fact, on or off the stage, no lady had ever been more deservedly popular than Mrs. John Hoey. When she finally retired little Miss Henriques appeared. She was also an immense favorite.

MADELINE HENRIQUES.

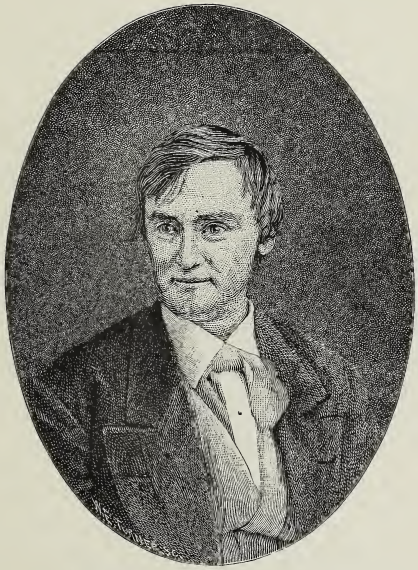
CHARLES FISHER.

After the opening of Wallack's Theatre Burton introduced two admirable artists to this country, Charles Fisher and Lysander Thompson, who first appeared on the same night and in the same piece, "The School of Reform," in Chambers Street,

in 1852. Burton had a profound knowledge of men and of their capabilities, and very quickly learned where to place the members of his company to the best advantage for him and for themselves; so much so that when he brought out that clever comedy, "Masks and Faces," by Charles Reade, he played *Triplet* himself, but soon resigned it to Fisher, who made a great deal more of it. I have never seen anybody who could ever approach Fisher as *Triplet;* the whole performance was a gentle, charming, beautiful thing. When Fisher and Thompson left Burton, naturally they drifted to the new house, which absorbed all the stock talent in the country at that time, including Mrs. Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault, John Dyott, Wm. Reynolds, J. H. Stoddart, Humphrey Bland, George Holland, Sothern, Henry and

MRS. BOUCICAULT.

WILLIAM J. REYNOLDS.



JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

Thomas Placide, besides those I have mentioned before.

Mr. Bancroft Davis, an old friend of my father's, came to him one day at the Broome Street house with a play which Mr. Tom Taylor of London, who knew nothing of American theatres or American dramatic possibilities, had sent out to this country for a market. Mr. Davis wished to have it produced at our house. I read the manuscript, was struck with its title, "Our American Cousin," but saw that it contained no part which could compare with the titular one — created by Mr. Taylor no doubt with an idea of pleasing theatre-goers on our side of the Atlantic as well as his. I told Mr. Davis that it was hardly suited to our requirements; that it wanted a great Yankee character-actor; that Mr. Joseph Jefferson, then a stock-actor in Miss Laura Keene's company, was the

TOM TAYLOR.

very man for it, and advised its presentation to her. Mr. Davis replied: "At any rate I have done what my friend Mr. Taylor wished: I have given you the first choice." I said: "I think it is only right to tell you that if the play is to make a success at all, Jefferson is the man to make it."

C. W. COULDOCK.

He took the play to Miss Keene, who read it. She did not see any great elements of popularity in it, but she thought that it might do to fill a gap some time, and she pigeon-holed it. She was just then busy getting up a Shaksperian revival, "Midsummer Night's Dream." She had Mr. Blake with her and Mr. Jefferson, as well as Mr. Sothern, who was engaged to play such parts as I was playing at the other house. She was taking great pains with the "Midsummer Night's Dream," in which these people were all to appear; but it so happened that her scene-painters and her mechanics disappointed her in

regard to the time in which she could produce it, and she found that this would delay her quite two weeks. Then she bethought her of "Our American Cousin," and she cast Mr. Blake for *Binney the Butler*, Mr. Couldock for *Abel Murcot*, Sara Stevens for *Mary Meredith*, Mr. Sothern for *Lord Dundreary*, with Mr. Jefferson, of course, for *Asa Trenchard*. Blake positively refused the part of *Binney*, which was played by Charles Peters. Sothern, on looking over *Lord Dundreary*, found it was a part of forty or fifty lines, a sort of second old man; at least that was the view he took of it, and he went to Miss Keene, laid it upon her desk, and told her that he absolutely declined to play it. "You engaged me for Mr. Lester Wallack's parts, and I cannot possibly consent to undertake a thing of this sort." Miss

SARA STEVENS.

CHARLES PETERS.

Keene did not know what to do. She thought the play was a weak one and she wanted all her best talent in it, though Sothern was not considered a great man then. At last she appealed to his generosity and asked him to do this thing as a mere matter of loyalty to her. At last he said: "Well, Miss Keene, I have read the part very carefully, and if you will let me 'gag' it and do what I please with it I will undertake it, though it is terribly bad." Miss Keene said, "Do anything you like with it, only play it," and then Sothern set about to think how he should dress it. That was a time when the long frock-coat was in fashion — a coat that came down almost to the heels and was made like what is now called an Albert coat — a coat that "Punch" took hold of and caricatured unmercifully. It happened that Brougham had borrowed from me the coat in which I had played a part called *The Debilitated Cousin* in "Bleak House," and with true Irish liberality and without thought that it was the property of somebody else, he generously lent it to Sothern; and that was the garment

E. A. SOTHERN.

in which Sothern first appeared as *Lord Dundreary*.

Jefferson was the star, but as the play went on, week after week, *Asa Trenchard* became commonplace, and up came *Lord Dundreary*. Sothern added every night new "gags," he introduced the reading of brother *Sam's* letter, etc., until at last nothing else was talked of but *Lord Dundreary*. After Sothern had worn it pretty well out here he went to London. On the first night "Our American Cousin" made such a dead fiasco at the Haymarket that Buckstone put up a notice in the green-room, "Next Thursday: 'She Stoops to Conquer.'" Charles Mathews, who was in front, went behind and said: "Buckstone, you push this piece." "But it is an offense to all the swells." "Don't you believe it," replied Mathews; "you push it and it will please *them* more than anybody else." Buckstone was induced to give it further trial, and the consequence was four hundred consecutive nights. Sothern told me that Buckstone cleared thirty thousand pounds by it.

CHAPTER VII.

I HAVE frequently been asked, both by interviewing people and by my friends, what my method of study is, almost every actor having a method; and apropos of this there comes in an anecdote about Macready. He always objected to a redundancy of gesture, and once said to my father: "My dear Wallack, you are naturally graceful; I am not. I know that in gesture I do not excel, and facial expression is what I principally depend upon. In fact I absolutely make Mrs. Macready tie my hands behind my back, and I practice before a large glass and watch the face." My father replied: "Well, Macready, I suppose that is all very good, but did you ever try it with your legs tied?"

But in answer to this question, which has been so often asked concerning my method of study,

I may say that the first thing is to get a thorough knowledge of the play. At first I generally studied the other parts even a little more than I thought of my own ; and when I came to my own I studied it scene by scene to get the words perfect. I did not think so much of what I was going to do with them until I got them so correctly that I could play with them in two or three different ways. Having one scene in my head I would go to the next, there being perhaps two or three scenes in one act. I would then go to work to perfect the first act as a whole. My first thought was to try to get the author's meaning; to pay that respect which was his due by carefully following his text. Having done that, I worked on the different modes of expressing the author, picked what I thought was best, etc., and then put that act by. Suppose we had four acts, for instance, I would then study the second after the same fashion, and so on, using the same method all through with the four. I studied alone of course at first, but when I thought myself sufficiently *au fait* I would get Mrs. Wallack, or one of my sons, to hear me in the part, and

then play it in two or three different ways in order to see how it affected them. While I was perfect in the room, the moment I got upon the stage at rehearsal the positions, uses of furniture, etc., interrupted all this. The use of these had all to be blended properly with what I had done before. With a chair here and a table there, and the footlights here and the audience there, I had to study how all this could be worked in so as to make as perfect an *ensemble* as possible.

I do not know the systems of other artists, but that was mine. Of course, after all this preparation, when I came before the audience things would suggest themselves to me in the very midst of what I was doing,— "inspirations," if I may use so fine a word; and I then sometimes got effects I did not dream of when studying, because I was playing before the audience and found out their mood. I do not think I ever sacrificed my study very much to the caprice of my audience. I have done it at times, perhaps, and to a certain extent in cases where I could execute just as gracefully, though not quite so correctly, and with equally telling effect.

Ease of study depends a great deal upon whether the author is a practical playwright. The motives of the old writers were so clear and their mode of illustrating their meaning so thorough that they were a great deal easier, at least to me, than the more modern dramatists. There is a sort of power about them which seems to communicate itself. Personally, I think that Shakspere is almost the easiest study; perhaps because of my being accustomed as a boy to see Shakspere's plays; but he always impresses himself upon one as he is read, and we are more likely to get greater ease of words. I always found Sheridan a very easy study; but I have had more difficulty, curious to say (and I think many of my profession, at least the best of them, will bear me out in this), in studying the extremely modern school of writers than I ever had with the older ones. In speaking Tom Robertson's lines, for instance, one is talking "every-day talk." It looks very easy, but it is most difficult, for if you are illustrating Sheridan or Shakspere you are speaking in a language that is new to you; which on that account impresses you all the more; whereas if

you have a speech from Tom Robertson or Boucicault you can give it just as well in two or three different ways. You cannot in Shakspere find any words to improve the text, but if you say: "How *do you do* this morning?" or "How *are you* this morning?" one is just as good as the other; and yet, as a rule, to give the author's text is usually both proper and just.

TOM ROBERTSON.

As to my study, of course it depended upon how often I had seen a part and how familiar I was with the piece. *Don Felix*, for instance, I had seen my father play frequently, and naturally it was comparatively easy with me. But take *Don Cæsar de Bazan*. Some time after my father's death I was requested to play *Don Cæsar*, a character he had made peculiarly his own, and of which he was the original in the English language. It was fourteen or fifteen years since I had played it, and I said to Mrs. Wallack: "Before I look at this part again I want you to see

if I remember anything of it." I not only recollected the words, but I did not miss a syllable. She laid down the book in perfect astonishment. It seemed to come upon me directly, as though I had performed it the night before. This gift of memory has been always of inestimable service to me.

With regard to self-consciousness on the stage, I have often noticed that actors are blamed for this as a fault; and when I happened to see a criticism upon myself which seemed based on anything like reason, and was written by anybody worth listening to, or worth reading, or worth thinking of over again, I would do a little self-questioning upon the subject, and ask myself exactly what it meant, and how I should treat, in my own mind, the argument of the writer. I found, particularly in comedy, that if an actor is not self-conscious it is simply because he has not studied his effects. For instance, if I am preparing to play a comic part I calculate necessarily where I think the points will tell, or, to use a common phrase, where "the laugh will come in," as it must come in if one is going to

be comic. And in doing that, of course there must be self-consciousness. I have studied a line, for example, which I felt would "go with a roar," and if the laughter came, there was the self-consciousness. I was perfectly conscious that I had been very funny. I had studied to be so, and I was so. There never was, in my opinion, a *raconteur*, from Charles Lamb or Theodore Hook down to Gilbert à Becket, or H. J. Byron, or Thackeray, or Dickens, or any of these men who spoke and told anecdotes at a dinner-table — there never was one of them that was not conscious that he was going to be funny. He may have made a mistake and missed it sometimes; but as a rule he enjoyed the story with the audience. Tragedy and comedy are very different. If a man is playing a serious part he is wrapped up in it, to the utter exclusion of the audience; but the moment the comedian has uttered his first line, and the laugh comes, there is a sort of *en rapport* between himself and the audience, and the thing *must* go. It is a matter which Charles Mathews and I very often made the subject of our conversa-

tions, of which we had a great many, and he thoroughly agreed with me. I said to him: "Now, Charles, suppose yourself in one of those great parts in which no one can approach you, do you mean to say you play as well with a dull audience as with a bright one?" "No," he replied; "it is out of the question to play if the audience don't go with you. You cannot play a part with spirit; and for me it is simply impossible."

A comedian can never forget his audience as much as a tragedian can. I am giving merely the experience of *one* comedian, but I know perfectly well it is the feeling of many. I know that John Gilbert would say the same and that Blake felt the same. If I am studying in my room a serious part I become very intense, and do not think of the applause; but if I am studying a comic part I want to feel the fun myself; then I feel sure of my audience. In fact, to sum the matter up, the actor wants the audience in comedy a great deal more than in a tragic part.

He must never, however, appear to be conscious of his clothes. Take a man like Mon-

tague, for instance. He was charming in trouser and coat and "cigarette parts," and wore the dress of our day with the ease of a thorough gentleman; but put him in costume and he was gone, miserably conscious that he was awkward and out of place. Now, Mr. Bellew, on the other hand, is better in doublet and hose. His appearance is romantic, he is naturally graceful, and the costume of other days suits him admirably. Apropos of this, I must tell you of the elder William Farren, who was the greatest old man comedian I ever saw. When Boucicault wrote "London Assurance" his audiences had never seen Mr. Farren in anything but knee-breeches, silk stockings, diamond-buckled shoes and so on. His friends thought he could never play *Sir Harcourt Courtly;* but he went to Stultz, the great tailor then,—the Poole of the day,—and ordered the most correct style of modern costume. His dressing was absolutely perfect, and his manner was as perfect as his

H. J. MONTAGUE.

dress. One would suppose that he had never worn anything but frock-coat and trousers or an evening dress all his professional life. *Sir Harcourt* should be made up exactly as a young man. Later actors have made it too evident to the audience that they wear a great bushy wig. Farren was faultless in the part, the veritable elderly young man of real life, the man who had left off taking snuff because it was not the thing to do at all — the man to be seen daily even yet in White's and at the club windows.

Talking of "London Assurance," I remember standing behind the scenes at the Haymarket one night during the run of Bulwer's "Money," then at the very zenith of its first and great success, when some one came hurrying in and announced, "An enormous hit at Covent Garden; the third act is over and it is tremendous. If the other two acts go in the same way it is an immense go." This was "London Assurance." I saw it the second night. It was really the first time that the perfection of the modern boxed-in scenery was displayed to the public. It was most beautifully done; I can see the whole thing now

the scenes and everything. It was, as I have said, something quite novel; and was of course a great success. When the curtain went down on the first act, the first night, there was a dead silence. It is a very ineffective ending and the scene was simply an anteroom in which there was no chance for very great display; but when the curtain rose on the second act, the outside of "Oak Hall," there was an enormous amount of applause; and that act went with the most perfect "snap." The audience was in good humor from the moment of the entrance of that most perfect actress, Mrs. Nisbett, as *Lady Gay*, for whom Boucicault wrote the part. He describes her as the seventh daughter of an earl, the baby of the family, married to a man considerably older than herself. Mrs. Nisbett's tall, lovely figure, her baby face, her silvery laugh, carried the whole house; while the contrast with Keely, who was the original *Dolly*, was delicious. He was a country squire of about forty years of age, dressed to perfection in his top-boots, etc. The fault of all later *Dollys* is that they are made to look and act too young. The first cast of "London Assur-

ance" was a wonderful one throughout, even to the actor who played *Cool*, Mr. Brindal; and to the afterwards celebrated Alfred Wigan, who played *Solomon Isaacs*, and had about four words to say. That *ensemble* was one of the most perfect I ever saw. It had for that time a very great run, and it built up the declining fortunes of Covent Garden.

As to what Brougham had to do with the play, I have heard Charles Mathews on the point, I have heard Boucicault on the point, and I have heard John Brougham himself on the point. There is very little doubt that Brougham first suggested the idea; and there is no doubt that he intended the part of *Dazzle* for himself. Charles Mathews was the original *Dazzle*. So far as I know, Mr. Brougham, for a certain sum of money, conceded to Mr. Boucicault his entire rights in the comedy. John was far less officious in the matter than his friends were. They invented all sorts of tales; but there is no question that the success of the whole thing was due to Mr. Boucicault, to his tact and cleverness and to the brilliancy of his dialogue.

The speech we technically call "the tag" of the play was written for *Max Harkaway*, and of course was consistent with the character of the honest old squire, but Farren insisted upon speaking it. Here is this old man, this *Sir Harcourt Courtly*, who has been trying all the time to impress upon everybody what a virtuous thing vice is, who has been plotting to run away with his friend's wife, who has all through been showing that he is a man totally without principle, making this very moral speech at the end. They represented to him that it was inconsistent, but he insisted upon it. Boucicault, who was a young man just rising, felt flattered as a young author to have all these great people acting his play, and was not in a position to do what he would certainly do now,—say: "I won't have it"; and consequently had to give in to Farren.

On one occasion Drury Lane was in a very bad way, and when they were making engagements for the next season Farren was asked if he would not, in consideration of the poor business, come down a little in his salary. He said:

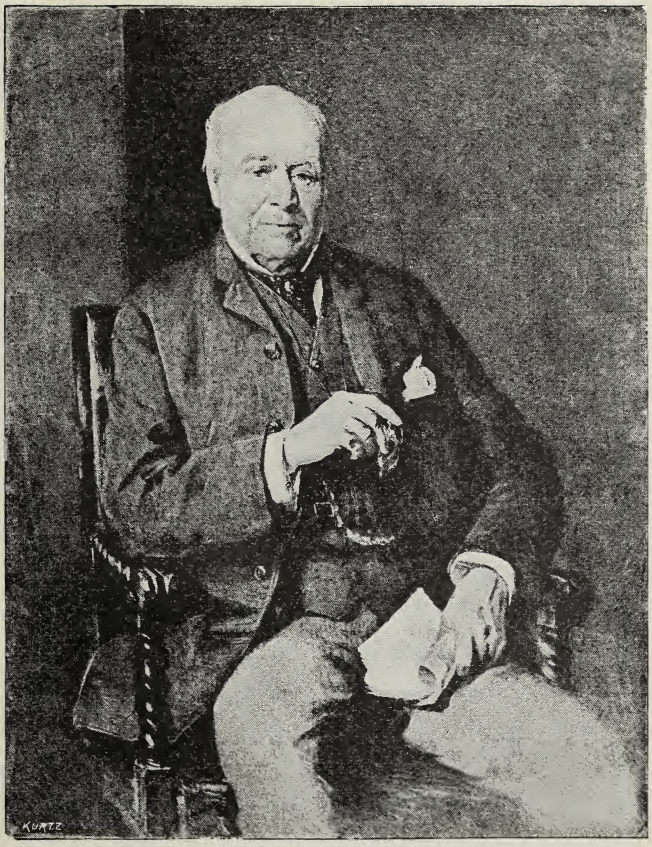
"Certainly not, sirs. Mr. Jones and all these people can be replaced; there are others in the market; but suppose for a moment, if you please, the market to be a fish market, that you must have a cock-salmon, and that there is but one cock-salmon to be had. You will have to pay for the cock-salmon. Now, gentlemen, in *this* market *I* am the cock-salmon!"

WILLIAM FARREN.

Therefore Mr. Farren, who really was unrivalled at that time as the leading comic old man actor of certain parts that required certain gifts, certain manner, etc., carried his point. There was no appeal from him at all; if they wanted to keep him they had to give him what money he asked, and also let him do what he liked with the parts he acted. He was known as the "Cock-salmon" as long as he lived.

I remember a curious *contretemps* of Farren and Mrs. Glover, the greatest actress of "old women" in her day, or perhaps in any day. I was a member of the Haymarket Company, and we were playing the inevitable "School for Scandal,"

which came along at some time in almost every season. Mrs. Nisbett (Lady Boothby), one of the most glorious actresses that ever walked upon the stage, was *Lady Teazle*, Mr. Hudson *Charles Surface*, Stewart *Joseph*, I *Sir Benjamin Backbite*, Mrs. Glover *Mrs. Candour*, and Farren of course a perfect *Sir Peter*. Imagine if you can the classic Haymarket Theatre in the classic "School for Scandal," with the classic Mr. Farren and the classic Mrs. Glover coming in the scandal scene to what is called "a dead stick." But oh! when the act was over and the curtain went down! A private little scene between the "classics" then was something to be remembered. "A nice mess you 've made of it, Glover!" said Farren. "The fault was entirely yours!" replied Glover. "We 've played these parts together about five hundred times!" said Farren. "Then it 's high time you remembered the text," said Glover. It ended with Farren swearing devoutly, and with the lady taking refuge in the traditional hysterics, Mrs. Nisbett saying to me, with a nudge of the elbow: "Look at the old fogies. They are both in the wrong!"



JOHN GILBERT.

I have played in "The School for Scandal" in I don't know how many British cities,—Edinburgh, Southampton, Dublin, Manchester and London,—and each has claimed in some mysterious manner to possess either the original manuscript or an authorized copy, although the authority which authorized it was never very clear to the unbiased mind. Calcraft always swore that the Theatre Royal, Dublin, had it in Sheridan's own handwriting, the Bath Theatre made the same claim, while the Haymarket utterly ignored the claims of either of them. This same scandal scene has been the subject of unending dispute between the prompters and the players, even down to John Gilbert's day. I have heard the prompter say: "Mr. Gilbert, I beg your pardon, you should come on the right!" "No, sir; I come on the left!" "Mr. Gilbert, the last time you came on the left!" "Great Heavens! Sir, I 've played the part a thousand times and I think I ought to know!" The prompter's lot is not a happy one.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME of the experiences in my profession are very amusing. There are many instances of misapplication of a word or of a too quick inclination to carry a joke or a telling line to the audience. There was an old actor named Harry Hunt. He was a bass singer and was the husband of the present Mrs. John Drew. Hunt was playing with us at the Broadway Theatre when I first came here. The play was "Money." George Vandenhoff played *Evelyn* and I *Sir Frederick Blount.* In the celebrated gambling scene there is a character called the *Old Member,* who has nothing to do but to call continually for the snuff-box. When Sir Edward Bulwer wrote that play I often thought how curious it was that in a first-class club there should be only one snuff-box. The characters, as they got excited, kept taking the snuff-box off the table. The *Old Member* is reading the paper all

the time. Presently he looks for the snuff-box, and it is gone. He calls out to the waiter: "Waiter, the snuff-box!" and the servant goes to *Blount*, or whoever has taken it, and puts it back on the table. Hunt never was perfect in the words of anything he played; but on this occasion he had before him, inside the newspaper, all the cues and his own part; so he had nothing to do but read it, and he was determined to be right for once. When the scene is culminating, in the midst of all the confusion and the roar that is caused by certain necessities of the play, the last thing that is heard is this *Old Member* shouting: "Waiter, the snuff-box!" There was a momentary pause, when Hunt hallooed out: "Waiter, the buff-snox!" Of course, the scene closed with more laughter than ever before.

Another very curious thing of that sort occurred to me when I was playing *Charles Surface* at Wallack's Theatre. An actor named H. B. Phillips was *Crabtree*, and in the scene in which *Crabtree* and *Sir Benjamin Backbite* come on with the mass of scandal and stuff and a lot of information with regard to what has pre-

viously occurred in the four acts, they proceed to say, "Have you heard the news?" and so on. They are describing this thing, and, of course, telling all sorts of stories that are not a bit true; and *Sir Benjamin Backbite*, who is the first to enter, has to say, "Then *Charles* and *Sir Peter* began to fight with swords," and *Crabtree* rushes on, "Pistols, nephew; pistols, nephew," all of which is, of course, false. *Sir Benjamin* says: "Oh, no, no, no, no; then *Sir Peter* was wounded. I know it was swords, because he was wounded with a thrust in the *seconde*." "No, no, no, no," the other says; "a bullet in the thorax, a bullet in the thorax," and he was so anxious that he said, "No, no, no, no; a thullet in the borax!" Very curious to say, the audience hardly noticed this then, and would not have noticed it at all but for John Brougham, who never spared anybody (he was playing *Sir Oliver Surface)*, and who said directly: "What the devil is his borax?"

I told this to an actor named John Sloane, who, by the bye, was the original *Cassidy* in "Jessie Brown," and who played Irishman as

well as other things. John laughed very much at this. Well, when I went to fulfil the first star engagement I ever played,— it was at Charleston, South Carolina, long before the war, of course,— I was *Sir Charles Surface*, and Sloane, who was playing *Crabtree*, actually thought this was a magnificent thing to do, and when he came on he said, "A thullet in his borax." He had told the story to a lot of people in Charleston, and they thought it a capital joke. He evidently considered it a legitimate "gag," if *any* gag can be considered legitimate.

SAMUEL LOVER.

During my long career I have naturally been brought into contact with some of the most interesting men of my own profession and of the world at large. I saw a great deal, for instance, of Samuel Lover when he was in America in 1848. He was advertised to appear at the Broadway Theatre, and when he attempted to play in his own piece, "The White Horse of the Peppers," he was certainly the most frightfully

nervous man I ever saw in my life. There was a great house because of the natural curiosity to see the poet in his own play. He was a very intimate friend of my father's. I stood in the wings when he came down as *Gerald Pepper.* The costume was the military dress of a cavalier of the time of James II., the scene of the play being the Revolution,— William III. coming over and turning James II. out of the country,— and *Gerald Pepper* was one of the Irish who remained faithful to the Stuart king. His feathers on this occasion were stuck in the back of his hat, his sword-belt was over the wrong shoulder, one of his boots was pulled up over his knee and the other was down over his foot. He looked as if somebody had pitchforked his clothes on to him, and he was trembling like a leaf. I induced him to put a little more color in his face, took his hat off and adjusted the feathers properly, put his sword on as it ought to go, fixed his boots right, and literally pushed him on to the stage. Of course there is no harm now in saying that it was one of the worst amateur performances I ever saw in my life, and I don't

TYRONE POWER.

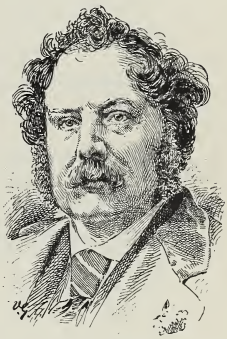
think Lover ever acted after that uncomfortable night.

Maurice Power, a son of Tyrone Power, played an engagement in New York at about the same time. Tyrone Power was perhaps the greatest delineator of Irish character of the middle and peasant class that has ever been seen. His melancholy death in the lost steamer "President" will be well remembered by all who take an interest in theatrical affairs. A son of the Duke of Richmond, who had delayed his return to England for the sake of accompanying Power in the same vessel, was also lost, and I can well remember the many applications to my father, who it was well known had made the voyage to America and back so very often, for his opinion upon their chances of escape. It was his painful duty at last to convey to Mrs. Power the melancholy news that all hope was lost. It was the more touching perhaps from the fact that when he entered the house on his sad mission he was confronted by all the little gifts that the children had prepared as surprises for their father when he should arrive.

The sympathy and good feeling that was shown afterwards in England was as general as it was unusual; and the thoughtful kindness of Lord Melbourne, who was then Prime Minister, was exhibited in a very marked manner. Almost his last act before he resigned the premiership was the gift to Power's eldest son, William Tyrone Power, of a commission in the Army Commissariat Department. I remember very well the glee with which young William Power came to announce to our family the gratifying news. He was well versed in languages, speaking German, Italian and French; the consequence was that his promotion was unusually rapid. He served all through the Crimean war, and became finally Sir William Tyrone Power, and absolute chief of the English Commissariat Department. It is not often that patronage is so wisely and successfully bestowed.

A very different man from Power was Mr. Goffé, "the man-monkey," a capital performer in his own way, although naturally very low in the professional scale. Frederick Conway, who always stood upon his dignity as the representa-

tive of high and noble parts, togéd Romans and the like, was getting on famously in this country when he chanced to meet one night in a theatrical bar-room Goffé, with whom in his more humble days and in the old country he had had intimate social and professional relations, playing with him in some of the smaller provincial towns, and upon pretty even terms. Goffé was delighted to meet his old companion, and addressed him thus: "Well, now, is it? yes, it *is* Conway! Why, Conway, old man, how are ye?" "I beg your pardon, sir, I do not recognize you," said Conway. "Oh, come, I say now, none of that, that won't do, let 's take a glass together," said Goffé. There were some very swell members of the profession around them, and Conway felt exceedingly uncomfortable, but he replied: "I will certainly imbibe with you, sir; I have no objection." "I heard you were in America, but I did n't think I 'd meet ye. Well, now we are together here, Mr. Conway,



F. B. CONWAY.

can't we make something hup?" "I do not understand, sir," said Conway. "I have, at your request, just taken something *down*, and I think that is all that is necessary between us." "No, you don't see what I mean," persisted Goffé; "there 's money for both of us. Suppose we 'ave a benefit together. You do a Roman part. I 'll do my scene as the hape between the hacts, and we 'll draw a lot of money." At last Conway lost all patience, and retorted: "Sir, I have endured the ups and downs of life in my time, I have met with various indignities, I have been appreciated and slighted, I can stand a great deal, but *Cato* and a ring-tailed monkey—never!"

When I was in Edinburgh Hackett came there to star, but the people did not quite understand his style of humor. He was very celebrated as *Nimrod Wildfire* in a piece called "The Kentuckian," and I remember acting with him in English "dude" parts, of which I was then very fond. Hackett's great character was *Falstaff*, or at least he thought it was. He used to bully the underlings at the theatre, although not in-

tentionally, for he was too good-hearted to do anything that was cruel or mean; but his ideas of discipline were autocratic, and he was exceedingly unpopular there, and elsewhere, among the lower members of the companies. He was playing *Falstaff* in "Henry IV.," I remember; Wyndham, afterwards a celebrated actor (not the Wyndham of the present day), played *The Prince of Wales*; Edward Glover, a son of old Mrs. Glover, played *Hotspur*, and Davidge, I think, *Bardolph*.

On this particular occasion, in one of his great scenes, Hackett found that his stomach began to collapse. He wore, as all the *Falstaffs* do, of course, an immense paunch, which in Hackett's case was made of a wind-bag. It was found that a stuffed "stomach" in hot weather was a terrific burden to an actor, and at last some costumer invented one which fitted the dress to perfection, but was filled with air. The wearer blew it up, screwed on the top, and then it was all right. One of Hackett's enemies this evening had pricked a hole in his false abdomen, not large enough to make it collapse all at once, but

by degrees, and Hackett found at the end of one scene that he was not quite as stout as he was before, and said to his dressing-man: "This is not all right; I feel a looseness; see if this screw is not unfastened." Everything was apparently in order and he went on again. He continued to decrease in size till at last there came a rush of wind and the stomach disappeared altogether, the actor finishing the scene as best he could and the audience convulsed with laughter.

Pat Hearn was at one time a very celebrated character in New York. He was a brother to Judge Hearn and was known to everybody. There was not a car-driver, nor a hack-driver, nor an omnibus-driver, nor any pedestrian that frequented Broadway who was not familiar with the face and figure of Pat Hearn. He was celebrated not only on account of keeping the swell gambling house of New York, but he was also known from his peculiarity of costume. Hat on one side, necktie of satin, scarf-pin of the most flaming description, gloves of the brightest lemon-colored kid, and all that sort of thing. We were going to produce a piece which was written by a

son of Bishop Wainwright, Wadsworth Wainwright, which was, I presume, the first positive society play that was ever brought out in New York, unless it might be Mrs. Mowatt's play of "Fashion." This, however, was a decided failure. I played in it and my father directed the rehearsals.

There was one scene in which I had to point out, to a country friend who came to visit New York, the various celebrities who passed. Here is so and so, etc. And now and then there was a little ripple of laughter as some one was recognized. Of course, I did not mention names. Presently I had to say, "Now, here is one with whom, perhaps, you may make acquaintance, although I would not advise you to be too closely intimate, because your pockets may suffer," and on came Sloane so perfectly dressed in imitation of Hearn, who was himself in the stalls, that the audience, one and all, recognized it directly, and I do not remember in all my experience ever hearing laughter continue such a great length of time as it did on that occasion. Sloane, being an Irishman himself, could imitate Hearn's

brogue, and he entered with that peculiar swagger which was so well known to all New Yorkers. Pat Hearn laughed as much as anybody, although he was indignant, not because he was represented on the stage, for he rather enjoyed the notoriety, but, as in the case of all men who are caricatured, because he thought Sloane was not a bit like him. He met John Brougham some days after, and John said: "Well, Pat, what did you think of that imitation Sloane gave?" "It wuz all very well and very legitimate, so far as it wint, but pfy the divil could n't he dress a little bit loike me? Who the divil iver saw me in such a get-up? The waistcoat he wore! If he wants a waistcoat I 'll buy him wan and sind him wan he can wear. I niver would father such a waistcoat as thot!" "Then," said Brougham, "you refuse to recognize its Pat-Hernity?"

The Duke of Beaufort, who was the nephew of the Duke of Wellington, used to talk very freely to my father and to me. Of course everybody wanted to hear all that could be told about Wellington, what he did, and what he said. For instance, in speaking of " Up, Guards, and at

them," my father, turning to Beaufort, said: "Now, did your uncle say that——" The Duke of Beaufort interrupted him: "My dear Wallack, when you want to mention my uncle say 'The Duke'; there is only one duke with us, '*The* Duke!' I have heard the question asked, and 'The Duke's' reply: 'It is possible I might have said it, but I do not recollect it.' What he did do was to close up his glass and order the whole line to advance." Theodore Hook used to tell a very good anecdote of the Duke, who was rather fond of Hook, and who was showing him over Apsley House once, when he said: "Hook, I want you to come and look at this little bit of my camp life I still have about me," and he pointed out a little iron bed, in which, although he was then past seventy, he always slept; when Hook said: "I cannot conceive how you can sleep on that; there is not room in it to turn round." "Of course not, sir; why should I turn? When a man turns round, it is time to turn out."

He had the power of going to sleep at the most trying moments, the Duke of Beaufort used

to say, and with the utmost calmness and ease, and this is an anecdote he told my father: On one occasion they slept in a church in which there was nothing but a long table and some wooden chairs. The staff thought it necessary that he should lie down, and they put a saddle, with a blanket over it, on the table for his head, and then they put church candles all around it to keep the insects away. He threw himself on the table, folded his arms, and said: "Boys, take what rest you can; I am going to sleep," and was off in two minutes. About six o'clock, soon after daybreak, some of his staff awoke and stretched themselves, and were about to call him, but he was away to the front, and had been gone an hour. The Duke of Wellington was exactly my father's height, five feet eight and a half inches in his stockings. He kept his figure till the last; he never got fat. In their youth Bonaparte and he were both beautifully formed men, but Bonaparte afterwards became very stout. They were born the same year. He had a great compliment paid to him at his funeral. There was a deputation from every regiment in the British

army,— two or three privates, a sergeant and a couple of officers,— and from all the regiments of the Continent of which he was Honorary Colonel; because he had been Generalissimo of the armies of Russia, Prussia, Hanover, France, England and Sweden. I suppose he was the only man of whom so much can be said. His watchword was Duty, and to do his duty was his only ambition.

When he was put in command of a very unimportant garrison town in England, just after one of his great victories, he said to the friends who sympathized with him: "I consider it my duty to accept any position in which I can be of service to my country!"

Here is an anecdote showing the coolness with which people in those days took certain matters and phases of society. This was about the time that Vestris lived with the Duke of Beaufort. One day my father was at Beaufort's place, and they went to the billiard-room in the afternoon to play. There were little tripods all round against the wall of the room, and on each one was placed a little dish covered with violets. My father stood talking with the Duchess, and said to her casu-

ally, "What a lovely perfume there is from these violets." The Duke interrupted: "My dear Wallack, do you know what it cost me for violets for a certain friend of ours one year? She would have them all over the house, and I paid seven hundred pounds for those flowers alone." My father flushed up and did not know what to say; but the Duchess replied very coolly: "Oh, my dear Mr. Wallack, do not be disturbed; the Duke must have his little amusements."

The visit of Sir Richard Sutton, in his yacht "The Galatea," to this country brought to my mind an anecdote of an ancestor of his, in which my father was, to a certain extent, concerned. I don't know whether the present Sir Richard Sutton is a son or grandson of the Sutton my father knew. That Sir Richard Sutton was, like his descendant, however, a great sportsman and a great master of hounds in his county. When my father was upset in a coach and broke his leg near New Brunswick, N. J., he was not able to go home to England for some time. But, at last, when he did reach London, he went to see

Sir Astley Cooper, a celebrated surgeon of that day, who had the leg broken again, it had been so badly set. It was a compound fracture, and became almost a hopeless case when my father heard of a young surgeon named Amesbury, who had already achieved some success, though he was as yet but little known to fame. He fitted a very peculiar and ingenious instrument on my father which held the limb in a certain position, and which, as the bones re-formed, had to be screwed up by degrees every day. This treatment at last put the patient firmly on his legs again. It so happened, I do not know how many months later, that Sir Richard Sutton, in hunting, had a bad fall and broke his leg. Of course, as he was a man of enormous wealth, the best surgeons were consulted, but they could not give him any hope of ever sitting in the saddle again. Some one who knew my father happened to be stopping with Sir Richard at his country place, and he said: "Young James Wallack, of Drury Lane Theatre, the actor, once had a compound fracture of the limb, and, as far as I can tell, worse than yours; he is all

right again and pursuing his profession, and you could hardly perceive that he had ever had anything the matter with his leg at all." Sir Richard said: "For Heaven's sake, who did it?" His friend replied that he did not know, but would advise him to write to Mr. Wallack himself about it. Sir Richard said: "I do not know Mr. Wallack." "That does n't matter. If you will write to him I am sure he will take an interest in the case." So Sir Richard wrote and asked the particulars of Amesbury's treatment, and my father replied that he could himself recommend Amesbury heartily; that the way he had cured him was marvellous, and that he was most grateful for his skill. Sir Richard Sutton sent for Amesbury, and what he had done for my father he did for him, so that in less than three months after he found Sir Richard Sutton in his bed he put him in the saddle again. Sir Richard wrote my father a letter of thanks, which was almost superfluous, because he had nothing to do with his own cure or Sir Richard's, except to recommend the surgeon. At all events Sir Richard sent my father a pair of pistols, which

I still possess. They are made of silver and steel, and were found by an ancestor of Sir Richard's on the field after the battle of Culloden, in which the Duke of Cumberland defeated the Pretender. They are beautiful specimens of the gunmaker's work of that day, and evidently had belonged to a Highland chief of rank.

To return to my father: When he broke his leg he was playing a part called *Captain Bertram*, a naval officer who has been wounded and is confined entirely to his bed and his chair; and when he appeared again he began in this same part of *Captain Bertram*. After the end of this first piece, when his audience was satisfied that he would never walk well again, they expected he would play some drunken part, in which he would have to limp and stagger around; but when they heard his voice and saw him rush on the stage, the same dashing-looking fellow he was before he was hurt, of course the effect was tremendous, for no one knew that he could walk at all.

When Thackeray was here on his last visit I was presented to him, at the old theatre, at the

corner of Broome Street and Broadway. I thought him, with his great height, his spectacles, which gave him a very pedantic appearance, and his chin always carried in the air, the most pompous, supercilious person I had ever met; but I lived to alter that opinion, and in a very short time. He saw the play, "A Cure for the Heartache," in which Blake and I played *Old Rapid* and *Young Rapid*. When the piece was over Mr. Blake and I went into the green-room and were introduced to Thackeray by my father, who knew him intimately in London. I remember his saying: "I have seen to-night an illustration of what I have preached over and over again, the endeavor of the artists to remember that they are presenting, not only in personal appearance but in *manner*, the picture of what is past and gone, of another era, of another age almost, certainly of another generation. I wish to tell this to you two who have presented these characters so admirably. I shall go back to London and say: 'I have seen acting.'"

Thackeray then lived with a very great and dear friend of mine and my father's, and they

had rooms together in Houston Street. I had a house next door but one to them, and this is how I became so intimate with Thackeray. The name of this gentleman was William Duer Robinson, a member of an old and well-known family, a family whose property was confiscated in revolutionary times because they stuck to the king. Thackeray, I suppose, took a fancy to me; at any rate it was understood every night when I came home from acting that if I saw a light in a certain window I was to go in, and if not it was a sign they had gone out to dinner or to bed. When I did find them in we never parted until half-past two or three in the morning. Then was the time to see Thackeray at his best, because then he was like a boy; he did not attempt to be the genius of the party; he would let Robinson or me do the entertaining while he would be the audience. It did not matter how ridiculous or impossible might be the things I said, he would laugh till the tears ran down his face; such an unsophisticated, gentle-hearted creature as he was. He gave a large dinner, at which, I remember, were my father, George William Curtis, Mr. Robinson,

myself and others, eighteen in all. It was the most delightful evening that could possibly be imagined. Thackeray, two nights before, had been to see my father play *Shylock*, and he said: "Wallack, that is the first *Shylock* who ever gave me the idea of what an ill-used man he was."

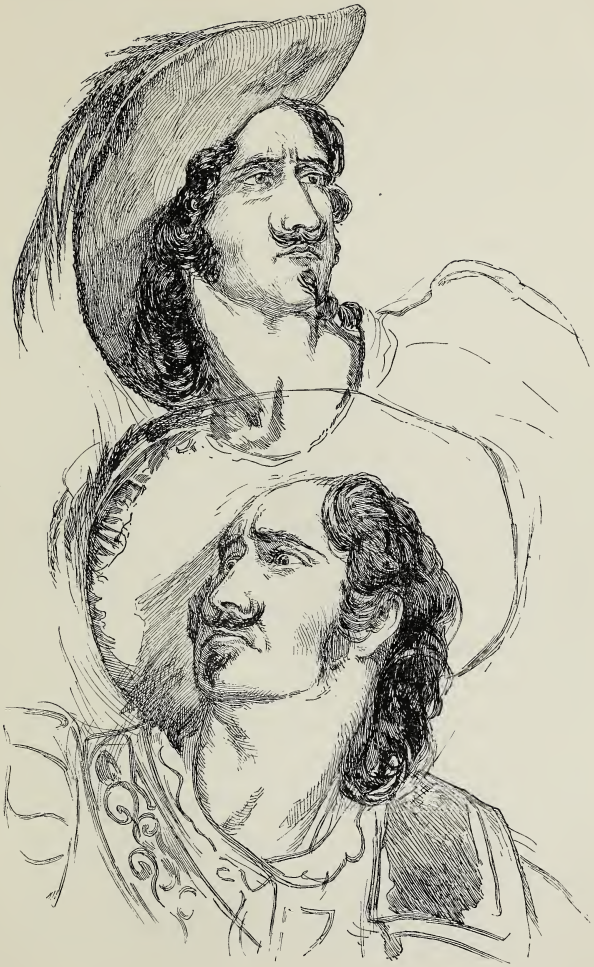
On that evening I remember my father telling a story, which many an old actor here will recollect. It was the tale of a shipwreck as told by a clergyman who was on board, and the same scenes as described afterwards by an old sailor, the captain of the maintop. Thackeray's gentle and generous nature was so aroused by it that the tears ran down his face. Certainly one of the finest things my father did was the telling of that story. George Curtis and I sang a duet, I remember, "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," and we were asked to repeat it three or four times. This all took place about the year 1855. On one occasion there was to be a dinner party of four. Thackeray said it might probably be the last time he should meet us convivially during this visit, so we agreed to dine together

with him in Robinson's rooms. The party was to consist of Mr. Robinson, Thackeray, my father and myself. The hour arrived, and I came with a message from my father, who was laid up with the gout, one of his bad attacks, and could not accept. After waiting a long time for Thackeray, at last there came a ring at the bell, and the waiter brought up a large parcel and a note from him to say that a letter he had received compelled him to pack up as quickly as possible and start for England by the first steamer, and he added: "By the time you receive this, dear William, I shall be almost out of the harbor. Let me wish you a pleasant evening with the Wallacks, and let me ask you to accept this little gift as a remembrance of the many, many pleasant days and nights we have passed together." The gift was a beautiful silver vase. I never saw Thackeray again, but our short and intimate association is one of the most delightful reminiscences of my life.

The first time I ever met Sir John Millais he was as beautiful a boy as I ever saw, with perfect, delicate features, and golden hair hanging

down his back. It was during a shower of rain which had driven everybody upon Lord's Cricket Ground into the tennis-court for shelter. This lad had picked up a lot of the balls which were on the ground, and began shying them at a mark, some of the bystanders pelting him in return, as he stood in the centre of the place, and I can remember him, as if it were yesterday, receiving and repelling their friendly attacks until the tennis-court keeper, taking him by the arm, led him gently away. On this occasion we became acquainted, and through him I met his sister, who is now my wife. In the course of time I took him to see my father in *Don Cæsar*, with whom he became perfectly enraptured. He made sketches of my father in that and other parts, some of which are still among my cherished possessions.

He was so little then that we used to have to put books on a chair to make a seat high enough for him to sit on while he drew. At this time he was drawing and sketching, and hoping to become a painter some day. Mrs. Millais, his mother, knew Sir Martin Shee, who was Presi-



SKETCH OF J. W. WALLACK IN CHARACTER, BY MILLAIS.

dent of the Royal Academy. She told him that this little boy of hers had a great gift in the line of drawing, and Sir Martin replied: "For God's sake, do not encourage it. Many children show this sort of proclivity, and the end of it all is failure. It is not once in a thousand times that success is achieved. Bring him up to any profession but mine." She asked him at least to gratify a mother's natural pride by looking at some of her darling's sketches. When he saw them he exclaimed rapturously: "It is your duty, by all means, Mrs. Millais, to encourage this boy in every way. He is a marvel!" The result was that he was sent to the finest schools of art, and when the prize for the best historical drawing in pencil was awarded at one of the Royal Academy Assemblies the name of "Mr. Millais" was called. As a child in frocks was presented, the Duke of Sussex, who was in the chair, said in amazement: "Is *this* 'Mister Millais'? Put him on the table!" And standing there he received his prize.

LIST OF CHARACTERS

PLAYED BY

MR. LESTER WALLACK

ADVOCATE . . . . . *Felix Dubois*
" . . . . . *Harry Ringdove*
ALL FOR HER . . . . . *Hugh Trevor*
ALMA MATER . . . . . *Count Pavé*
AMERICANS IN PARIS . . . . . *Arthur Morris*
ANGEL IN THE ATTIC . . . . . *Michael Magnus*
APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC . . . . . *Felix Rosemary*
ASMODEUS (LITTLE DEVIL) . . . . . *Don Rafael*
AS YOU LIKE IT . . . . . *Orlando*
AT LAST . . . . . *John Garlan*
AWKWARD ARRIVAL . . . . . *Ormonde*
BACHELOR OF ARTS . . . . . *Harry Jasper*
BARBER BRAVO . . . . . *Girolamo*

Barrick Room . . . . . *Colonel Ferrier*
Belle's Stratagem . . . . . *Courtall*
" " . . . . . *Doricourt*
" " . . . . . *Flutter*
Birth . . . . . *Jack Randall*
Bleak House . . . . . *The Debilitated Cousin*
Blue and Cherry . . . . . *Lord Alfred Dorset*
Boarding School . . . . . *Lieutenant Varley*
Bold Dragoon . . . . . *Leon Sabertash*
Bold Stroke for a Husband . . . . . *Don Julio*
Bosom Friends . . . . . *Mr. Union*
Brigand . . . . . *Massaroni*
Broker of Bogota . . . . . *Antonio de Cabarero*
Busy Body . . . . . *Marplot*
" " . . . . . *Sir George Airey*
Caprice . . . . . *Sir Edward Mordaunt*
Captain Bland . . . . . *Captain Bland*
Captain of the Watch . . . . . *de Ligny*
Caught in a Trap . . . . . *Marquis D'Arblay*
Central Park . . . . . *Wyndham Otis*
Charles the Second . . . . . *Rochester*
Child of the State . . . . . *Gros René*
Christmas Dinner . . . . . *Savage Hunter*
Clandestine Marriage . . . . . *Brush*
Clarisse . . . . . *Martial*
Colonel . . . . . *W. W. Woodd*

COMPACT . . . . . *Juan Ravagos*
CONNUBIAL BLISS ASSOCIATION . . . . . *Filigree*
COOL AS A CUCUMBER . . . . . *Horatio Plummer*
CRITIC . . . . . *Puff*
CURE FOR THE HEARTACHE . . . . . *Young Rapid*
DAVID COPPERFIELD . . . . . *Steerforth*
DAY AFTER THE WEDDING . . . . *Colonel Freelove*
DEAR COUSIN WALTER . . . . . *Walter Hazleton*
DECIDED CASE . . . . . *Captain Dudley Vere*
DELICATE GROUND . . . . . *Alphonse de Grandier*
" " . . . . . *Citizen Sangfroid*
DIPLOMACY . . . . . *Harry Beauclerc*
DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN . . . . *Don Cæsar de Bazan*
DRAMATIST . . . . . *Floriville*
DUKE HUMPHREY'S DINNER . . . *Richard Burdon*
DUMB BELLE . . . . . *Vivian*
EDUCATION . . . . . *Vincent*
ELDER BROTHER . . . . . *Eustace*
ELOPEMENTS IN HIGH LIFE . . . . . *Hugh Travers*
ENGLISHMAN IN INDIA . . . . . *Tom Tape*
ERNESTINE . . . . . *Frederick*
ETON BOY . . . . . *Captain Popham*
EVERY BODY'S FRIEND . . . . . *Felix Featherly*
" " . . . . . *Twistleton*
EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT . . *Sir Robert Bramble*
FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY . *Ruy Gomez*

FASHION . . . . . *Colonel Howard*
" . . . . . *Jolimaitre*
FAST MEN OF THE OLDEN TIME . . . . *Rochester*
FIRST IMPRESSIONS . . . . . *Peveril*
FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD . *Valentine Honeyball*
FOLLIES OF A NIGHT . . . . . *Duke de Chartres*
" " " . . . . . *Pierre Palliot*
FOUR MOUSQUETAIRES . . . . . *d'Artagnan*
FOX CHASE . . . . . *Tom Waddy*
FRANKENSTEIN . . . . . *Frankenstein*
GAME OF LIFE . . . . . *Rupert Wolfe*
GAME OF LOVE . . . . . *Paul Weldon*
GAMESTER . . . . . *Lewson*
GIRALDA . . . . . *King Philip*
GOING TO THE BAD . . . . . *Hardingham*
GOOD FELLOW . . . . . *Umbraton*
HAMLET . . . . . *Horatio*
" . . . . . *Laertes*
" . . . . . *Osric*
HEADS OR TAILS . . . . . *Dyecaster*
HEARTS ARE TRUMPS . . . . . *Count Wagstaff*
HEARTS AT FAULT . . . . . *Captain Hawk*
HEIR AT LAW . . . . . *Dick Dowlas*
HENRIETTE . . . . . *Emil Lefevre*
HENRY THE FOURTH . . . . . *Prince of Wales*
HIS LAST LEGS . . . . . *O'Callaghan*

HOME . . . . . *Colonel White*
HONEY MOON . . . . . *Duke Aranza*
" " . . . . . *Rolando*
HOPELESS PASSION . . . . . *Jacques Pamela*
HOW SHE LOVES HIM . . . . . *Tom Vacil*
HOW TO GROW RICH . . . . . *Pavé*
HUNCHBACK . . . . . *Modus*
HUSBAND TO ORDER . . . . . *Pierre Marceau*
IMPULSE . . . . . *Colonel Crichton*
INCONSTANT . . . . . *Duretete*
INVISIBLE HUSBAND . . . . . *Don Philip*
IRISH HEIRESS (WEST END) . . . . . *Percy Ardent*
IRON CHEST . . . . . *Orson*
" " . . . . . *Wilford*
J. J's . . . . . *Mr. John J——*
JACOBITE . . . . . *Major Murray*
JEALOUS WIFE . . . . . *Mr. Oakley*
JESSIE BROWN . . . . . *Randall McGregor*
JOHN BULL . . . . . *Hon. Tom Shuffleton*
JOHN GARTH . . . . . *John Garth*
KING JOHN . . . . . *Faulconbridge*
KING LEAR . . . . . *Edgar*
" " . . . . . *Oswald*
KING OF THE COMMONS . . . . . *Mungo Small*
KING OF THE MOUNTAINS . . . . . *Walter Harris*
KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE . . *Captain Cozzens*

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE . . . . *Tom Tittler*
KNOW YOUR OWN MIND . . . . . *Millamour*
LADIES' MAN . . . . . *Daffodill Twad*
LADY IN DIFFICULTIES . . . . . *Count Natzman*
LADY OF LYONS . . . . . *Claude Melnotte*
LADY OF ST. TROPEZ . . . . . *George Maurice*
LANCERS . . . . . *Victor de Courcy*
LAUGH WHEN YOU CAN . . . . . *Gossamer*
LEADING STRINGS . . . . . *Frank Leveson*
LEAP YEAR . . . . . *Walker*
LIAR . . . . . *Young Wilding*
LIKE AND UNLIKE . . . . . *Ernest Bridoux*
LITTLE DEVIL (ASMODEUS) . . . . . *Don Rafael*
LITTLE TREASURE . . . . . *Walter Maydenblush*
LONDON ASSURANCE . . . . . *Charles Courtley*
" " . . . . . *Dazzle*
LOVE AND MONEY . . . . . *Lord Fipley*
LOVE CHASE . . . . . *Wildrake*
LOVE FOR LOVE . . . . . *Valentine*
LOVE IN A MAZE . . . . . *Colonel Buckthorne*
" " . . . . . *Lord Miniver*
LOVE KNOT . . . . . *Bernard*
LOVE'S SACRIFICE . . . . . *St. Lo*
LUCKY HIT . . . . . *Chevalier Vibrac*
MACBETH . . . . . *Macduff*
MAGIC MARRIAGE . . . . . *Monte Cellini*

MAIDEN WIFE . . . . . *Ernest Devereux*
MAN AND WIFE . . . . . *Charles Austencourt*
MANIFEST DESTINY . . . . . *Jack Mutable*
MAN OF HONOR . . . . . *Jacques de Sanlieu*
MARRIAGE A LOTTERY . . . . . *Waverley*
MARRIED AN ACTRESS . . . . . *Frederick Plume*
MARRIED BACHELOR . . . . . *Sir Charles Courtall*
MARRIED IN HASTE . . . . . *Gibson Greene*
MARRIED LIFE . . . . . *Lionel Lynx*
" " . . . . . *Mr. Younghusband*
MARRIED RAKE . . . . . *Flightly*
MEN OF THE DAY . . . . . *Frank Hawthorne*
MERCHANT OF VENICE . . . . . *Bassanio*
" " " . . . . . *Gratiano*
MIMI . . . . . *King Charles II.*
MODEL HYPOCRITE . . . . . *La Touche*
MONEY . . . . . *Alfred Evelyn*
" . . . . . *Sir Frederick Blount*
MONTE-CRISTO . . . . . *Edmund Dantes*
MORNING CALL . . . . . *Sir Edward Ardent*
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING . . . . . *Benedick*
" " " " . . . . *Don Pedro*
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MY AWFUL DAD . . . . . *Adonis Evergreen*
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My Little Adopted . . . . . *Frederick Somers*
My Master's Rival . . . . . *Peter Shack*
My Noble Son-in-Law . . . *Lord Herbert de Vere*
Naval Engagements . . *Lieutenant Kingston, R. N.*
Nervous Man . . . . . *McShane*
New Park . . . . . *John Brown*
New President . . . . . *De la Rampe*
Night and Morning . . . . . *Philip Morton*
Nothing Venture Nothing Win . . . *De Launay*
Not So Bad as We Seem . . . . . *Lord Wilmot*
Old English Gentleman . . . . . *Horace*
Old Heads and Young Heads . . . *Littleton Coke*
Old Love and the New . . . . . *Courttown*
Othello . . . . . *Cassio*
Ours . . . . . *Hugh Chalcote*
Overland Route . . . . . *Tom Dexter*
Patrician and Parvenu . . . . . *Dick Moonshine*
Pauline . . . . . *Horace de Beuzeval*
Paul Pry . . . . . *Harry Stanley*
Perfection . . . . . *Charles Paragon*
Playing With Fire . . . . . *Dr. Savage*
Poor Gentleman . . . . . *Frederick Bramble*
Poor of New York . . . . . *Badger*
Prima Donna . . . . . *Rouble*
Prison and Palace . . . . . *Alexis Romanoff*
Promotion . . . . . *Colonel Delagarde*

PURE GOLD . . . . . { *Frank Rochford* / *Lancia*
QUEEN'S HUSBAND . . . . . *Don Manuel*
RECRUITING OFFICER . . . . . *Captain Brazen*
REGULAR FIX . . . . . *Hugh de Brass*
RENT DAY . . . . . *Toby Heywood*
RICHARD THE THIRD . . . . . *Richmond*
" " " . . . . . *Tressel*
RICHELIEU . . . . . *De Berrenghen*
RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF WOMEN. *Sir Brian de Beausex*
RIGHTS OF MAN . . . . . *Arthur Elsmere*
RIVALS . . . . . *Captain Absolute*
ROAD TO RUIN . . . . . *Harry Dornton*
ROBERT MACAIRE . . . . . *Robert Macaire*
ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER . . . . . *Alfred Highflyer*
ROMANCE AND REALITY . . . . . *Frank Meredith*
ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN . . . . *Manuel*
ROMEO AND JULIET . . . . . *Mercutio*
ROSEDALE . . . . . *Elliot Grey*
ROYALIST . . . . . *Henri de Flavigneul*
RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE . . . . . *Léon*
" " " " " . . *Michael Perez*
RULING PASSION . . . . . *Tom Dexter*
RURAL FELICITY . . . . . *Singleton Unit*
SAVILLE OF HAYSTED . . . . . *Ned Thirrett*
SCAN. MAG. . . . . *Edward Singleton*

School . . . . . *Jack Poyntz*
School for Scandal . . . . . *Charles Surface*
" " " . . . . *Sir Benjamin Backbite*
School of Reform . . . . . *Ferment*
Scrap of Paper . . . . . *Prosper Couramont*
Secrets Worth Knowing . . . . . *Rostrum*
Serious Family . . . . . *Charles Torrens*
" " . . . . . *Murphy Maguire*
She Stoops to Conquer . . . . . *Young Marlow*
She Would and She Would Not . . *Don Octavio*
She Would Be a Soldier . . . *Captain Pendragon*
Short Reign and a Merry One . *Chevalier Romayne*
Simpson and Co. . . . . *Mr. Bromley*
Sisters . . . . . *Ernest Bridveux*
Sketches in India . . . . . *Tom Tape*
Soldier's Courtship . . . . . *Colonel Gayton*
Soldier's Daughter . . . . . *Frank Heartall*
Speed the Plough . . . . . *Bob Handy*
Spell Bound . . . . . *Raoul de Beaupirre*
Spring and Autumn . . . . . *Rattle*
State Prisoner . . . . . *Lord Henry Harvey*
Stranger . . . . . *The Stranger*
Teacher Taught . . . . . *Henry Aubrey*
Temper . . . . . *Hugh Emerson*
Three Guardsmen . . . . . *d'Artagnan*
Time Works Wonders . . . . . *Felix Goldthumb*

Tit For Tat . . . . . *Fred. Thornbury*
To Marry or Not To Marry. *Sir Oswin Mortland*
Tortesa . . . . . *Angelo*
Town and Country . . . . . *Plastic*
" " " . . . . . *Reuben Glenroy*
Trumpeter's Daughter . . . . . *Philipot*
Trying It On . . . . . *Walsingham Potts*
Twelfth Night . . . . . *Aguecheek*
" " . . . . . *Orsino*
Twelve Labors of Hercules . . . . *De Marillac*
Twins . . . . . *Chester Delafield* / *Mark Delafield*
Two Bonnycastles . . . . . *John James Johnson*
Two can Play at that Game . . . *Howard Leslie*
Two to One . . . . . *De Rameau*
Used Up . . . . . *Sir Charles Coldstream*
Valerie . . . . . *Walter Trevillian*
Valet de Sham . . . . . *Trivett*
Venus in Arms . . . . . *Dashall*
Veteran . . . . . *Leon Delmar*
Vicar of Wakefield . . . . . *Mr. Burchell*
Victorine . . . . . *Alexandre*
Virginius . . . . . *Icilius*
Wanted a Widow . . . . . *Harry Revel*
Warwick . . . . . *Edward IV.*
Way to Get Married . . . . . *Tangent*

WEEDS AMONG FLOWERS . . . . . *Crawley Webb*
WERNER . . . . . *Ulric*
WEST END (IRISH HEIRESS) . . . . . *Percy Ardent*
WHEAT AND CHAFF . . . . . *Arthur Beaufort*
WHEEL OF FORTUNE . . . . . *Sydenham*
WHO DO YOU TAKE ME FOR? . . *Terence O'Reilly*
WHO SPEAKS FIRST . . . . . *Captain Charles*
WHO WANTS A GUINEA . . . *Sir Larry McMurragh*
WIFE . . . . . *Julian St. Pierre*
" . . . . . *Leonardo*
WILD OATS . . . . . *Rover*
WILL . . . . . *Howard*
WIVES AS THEY WERE . . . . . *Bronzely*
WONDER . . . . . *Colonel Briton*
" . . . . . *Don Felix*
WOODCOCK'S LITTLE GAME . . . . . *Woodcock*
WRECK ASHORE . . . . . *Captain Grampus*
YOUNG QUAKER . . . . . *Young Sadboy*

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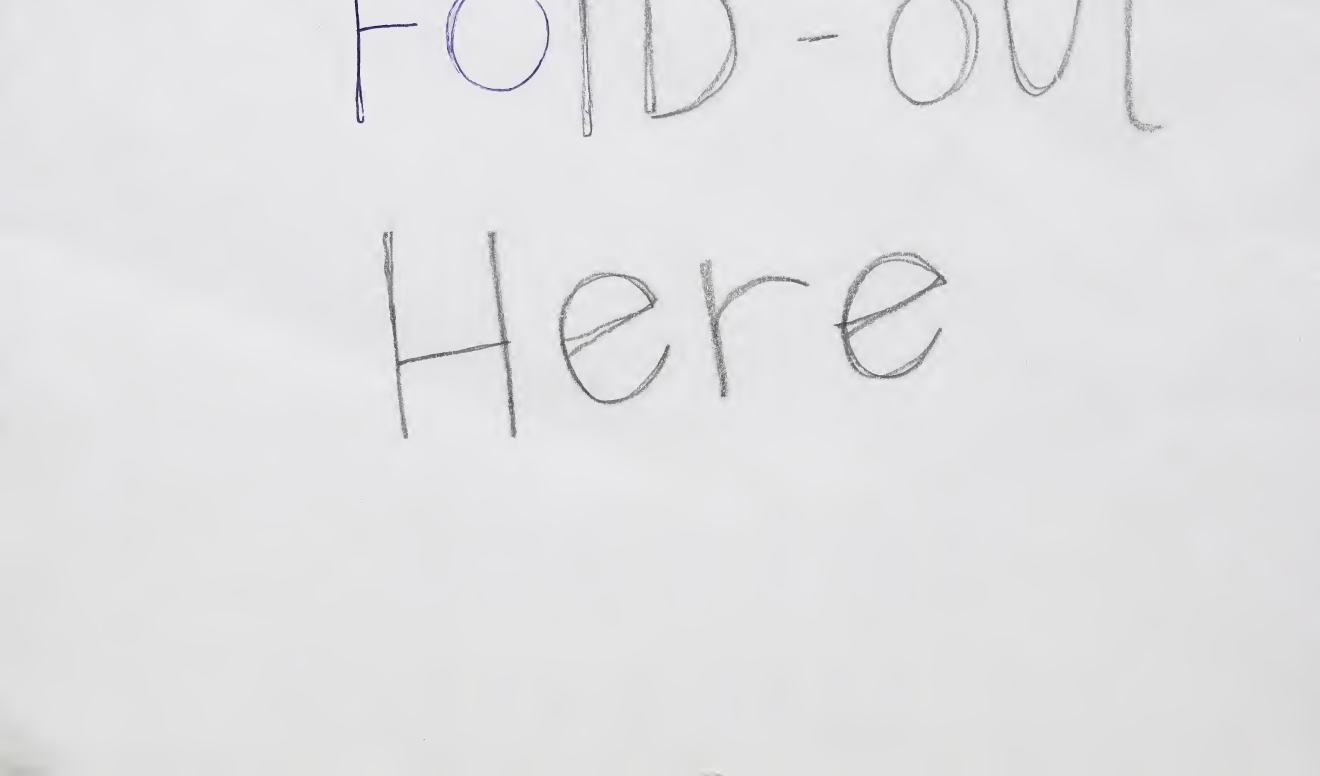
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INDEX.

À Becket, Gilbert, 172.
Abingdon, A. J. A., 40.
Alfree, Mr., 34.
Amesbury, Dr., 204.
Anderson, James, 137.
Andrews, George, 137.
Astley, Phillip, 1.

Bancker, Mrs., 2.
Bannister, John, 8.
Barnay, Ludwig, 73–75.
Barrett, George H., 133, 137.
Barrett, Lawrence, 27.
Barry, Richard, 51–52.
Beaufort, Duchess of, 201–202.
Beaufort, Duke of, 198–202.
Beazley, S., 107.
Beckett, Harry, 23, 73.
Bellew, Kyrle, 174.
Bianconi, 44–47.
Black, Mrs., 134.
Blake, William R., 137–144, 147, 151, 160, 161, 173, 206.
Bland, Humphrey, 156.
Bonaparte, Napoleon, 200.
Boothby, Lady. See Mrs. Nisbett.
Booth, Edwin, 27.
Booth, Junius Brutus, 8.
Boucicault, Dion, 63, 79, 156, 174, 176, 177.
Boucicault, Mrs., 156, 170.
Brindal, Mr., 170.
Brooke, G. V., 57–61.
Brougham, John, 13, 58, 106, 144–145, 147–150, 151, 162, 177, 186, 198.
Brown, Dr. John, 4.
Buckstone, J. B., 79, 165.
Bulwer-Lytton, 57, 116, 122–124, 175, 184.
Bunn, Alfred, 96.
Burdett-Coutts, Baroness, 96–97.
Burton, William E., 13, 100–103, 108, 120, 145, 154–157.
Byron, Henry J., 122.

Calcraft, J. W. (J. W. Cole), 52–54, 183.
Cerito, 107.
Chanfrau, Frank S., 105.
Cibber, Colley, 81.
Clarke, Corson W., 117.
Cleveland, Duke of, 42.
Coghlan, Rose, 28.
Cole, J. W. (J. W. Calcraft), 96.

Colman, George (Younger), 33.
Conner, Edmon S., 36.
Conway, Frederick B., 192–194.
Conway, Mrs. F. B., 153.
Cooke, George Frederick, 8.
Cooper, Sir Astley, 203.
Couldock, C. W., 161.
Coutts, Harriet. See Miss Mellon.
Cumberland, Duke of, 205.
Curtis, George William, 208–209.
Cushman, Charlotte, 75–77.
Cushman, Susan, 75–76.

Davenport, A. H., 63, 64.
Davenport, Edwin L., 23.
Davenport, Lizzie Weston. See Mrs. Charles J. Mathews.
Davidge, William, 195.
Davis, Bancroft, 159–160.
De Begnis, Guiseppe, 108–115.
Dickens, Charles, 172.
Don, Sir Alexander N., 41.
Don, Sir William, 41–48.
Dowton, W., 100.
Drew, Mrs. John, 184.
Dumas, Alex. (Elder), 13, 137.
Dunn, James, 13.
Dyott, John, 141, 156.

Edwards, Henry, VI, 23, 28, 60.
Elizabeth, Queen, 82.
Elliston, William, 7, 8, 82–89.
Elssler, Fanny, 107.
Eytinge, Rose, 23.

Farren, William, 77, 79, 174–175, 178–180.
Faucit, Helen (Lady Martin), 56–57, 58, 127, 129.
Faucit, Mrs., 57.
Fawcett, John, 8, 39.
Field, Allan (Lester Wallack), 36.
Field, Elizabeth. See Mrs. William Wallack.
Fisher, Charles, 23, 155–156.
Florence, William J., 28.
Floyd, William R., 24, 69.
Forrest, Edwin, 12, 60-61, 129, 131, 137.
Fredericks, W. S., 131–132, 138.

Gannon, Mary, 18, 24, 150.
Garrick, David, 1, 80.
George IV., 82, 83.
Germon, Effie, 18.
Gilbert, John, VI, 13, 23, 27, 69, 173, 183.
Glover, Edward, 195.
Glover, Mrs., 179–180, 195.
Goffé, Mr., 192–194.
Granger, Dr., 2.
Granger, Mrs. See Mrs. William Wallack.
Grisi, Carlotta, 107–108.

Hackett, James H., 194–196.
Hadaway, Thomas, 138.
Hamblin, Thomas, 115–121.
Hamblin, Mrs. Thomas (Miss Medina), 116–120.
Hamblin, Mrs. Thomas (Mrs. Shaw), 120, 121.
Hamblin, Thomas, Jr., 120, 121.
Harland, Julia. See Julia Wallack.
Hearn, Judge, 196.
Hearn, Pat, 196–198.
Henriques, Madeline, 18, 155.

Hill, Mrs. See Mary Wallack.
Hind, Thomas J., 141–143.
Hodson, Georgiana, 147–150, 151.
Hoey, John, 153.
Hoey, Mrs. John (Mrs. Russell), 18, 24, 144, 153–155.
Holland, George, 18, 23, 156.
Home, John, 33, 92.
Hook, Theodore, 172, 199.
Horncastle, W., 105, 106.
Horton, Priscilla (Mrs. German Reed), 78.
Hoskin, W., 4.
Hoskin, Mrs. W. See Julia Wallack.
Hudson, Mr. ("Irish Hudson"), 79, 180.
Hunt, Henry, 184–185.

Incledon, B. C., 8.
Ireland, Joseph Norton, VI, 2–3.

James II., 188.
Jefferson, Joseph, 28, 159–165.
Jerrold, Douglas, 97–98.
Johnstone, John, 8.
Johnstone, Susan. See Mrs. J. W. Wallack.
Johnston, Thos., 144.
Jones, Mrs. (Miss Granger), 2.
Jones, Richard, 39.
Jordan, Dora, 2, 8.
Jordan, George, 144.

Kean, Charles, 91–98.
Kean, Mrs. Charles (Ellen Tree), 96–97.
Kean, Edmund, 8, 59, 83, 92, 95, 97, 100, 127.
Kean, Mrs. Edmund, 92, 95.
Keene, Laura, 18, 151–153, 159–162.
Kellogg, Gertrude, 28.
Kelly, Robert, 176.
Kemble, Charles, 7, 39.
Kemble, John Phillip, 8.
Knowles, James Sheridan, 154.

Lamb, Charles, 172.
Langdon, Mrs., 129.
Leffler, Mr., 50–51.
Lester, J. Wallack. See Lester Wallack.
Levick, Milnes, 28.
Liston, John, 8.
Lover, Samuel, 187–191.
Lutz, Mr., 151.
Lyster, Frederick, 148–149.
Lytton-Bulwer, 57, 116, 122–124, 175, 184.

Macready, William C., 8, 57, 83–84, 97, 122–132, 166.
Majoribanks, Mr., 42.
Mann, Alvah, 134, 138,
Marks, Mr., 130–131.
Martin, Lady. See Helen Faucit.
Martin, M., 89–91.
Mathews, Charles, 8.
Mathews, Charles James, 23, 61–74, 77–79, 165, 172–173, 177.
Mathews, Mrs. C. J. (Madame Vestris), 62, 78, 201–202.
Mathews, Mrs. C. J. (Lizzie Weston — Mrs. A. H. Davenport), 63–65, 72.
Mayo, Frank, 27.
Medina, Miss (Mrs. Thomas Hamblin), 116–120.

Melbourne, Lord, 192.
Mellon, Harriet (Duchess of St. Albans), 8, 95–96.
Mestayer, Emily, 23.
Meyers, Mr., 151–152.
Millais, Mrs., 210–213.
Millais, Sir John E., 210–213.
Missouri, Louisa, 116–120.
Mitchell, William, 103–106.
Modjeska, Helen, 28.
Montague, Henry J., 23, 174.
Moorhouse, Mrs. Charles. See Fanny Wallack.
Mordaunt, Plessy, 69.
Moreau, Charles C., VI.
Morrison, Mr., 49–50.
Moss, Theodore, 18.
Mowatt, Anna Cora, 12, 197.
Murdoch, James E., 12.

Napoleon Bonaparte, 200.
Nisbett, Mrs. (Lady Boothby), 176, 180.

Payne, John Howard, 39.
Peters, Charles, 161.
Phillips, H. B., 185–186.
Pincott, Mrs. See Elizabeth Wallack.
Placide, Henry, 18, 156–159.
Placide, Thomas, 141, 159.
Plimpton, Eben, 27.
Polk, Joseph B., 23.
Pollock, Sir Frederick, 126.
Ponisi, Mme., 27.
Poole, Mr., 174.
Power, Maurice, 191.
Power, Tyrone, 191.
Power, Mrs. Tyrone, 191.
Power, William Tyrone, 192.
Price, Stephen, 91–92.
Pritchard, Mrs., 80.
Purdy, Alexander H., 3.

Reade, Charles, 156.
Reed, Mrs. German (Priscilla Horton), 78.
Reynolds, William J., 156.
Richmond, Duke of, 191.
Robertson, Agnes. See Mrs. Dion Boucicault.
Robertson, Tom, 169–170.
Robinson, Frederick, 23.
Robinson, William Duer, 207, 209.
Rogers, Major, 145–147.
Rossini, 108.
Roubillac, Lèon François, 40.
Russell, Mrs. See Mrs. Hoey.

Salvini, T., 61.
Scarlett, Sir James, 47–48.
Seguin, Edward, 111.
Shakspere, 40, 56, 160, 169.
Shaw, Mrs. See Mrs. Thomas Hamblin.
Shee, Sir Martin, 210–213
Sheridan, Richard B., 151, 169, 183.
Shirreff, Jane, 111.
Siddons, Sarah, 8.
Simpson, Edmund, 7.
Simpson, Mrs. Edmund, 2.
Sloane, John, 76, 186–187, 197.
Smith, Mark, 23.
Sothern, Edward A., 18, 156, 160–165.
St. Albans, Duchess of. See Harriet Mellon.
St. Albans, Duke of, 95.
Stanfield, Clarkson, 107.

Stanley, Mrs. See Mary Wallack.
Stebbins, Henry G., 120.
Stevens, Sara, 161.
Stewart, Douglas. See E. A. Sothern.
Stewart, Mr., 180.
Stoddart, James H., 69, 156.
Stuart, Charles Edward, 205.
Stuart, James Edward Francis, 80.
Stultz, Mr., 174.
Sussex, Duke of, 213.
Sutton, Sir Richard, 202–205.

Taglioni, Marie, 107.
Taylor, Douglas, 12.
Taylor, Tom, 18, 159–160.
Thackeray, William M., 172, 205–209.
Thompson, Lysander, 155–156.
Tree, Ellen. See Mrs. Charles Kean.

Vanamburgh, Isaac, 89.
Vandenhoff, Charlotte, 104.
Vandenhoff, George, 137, 139–141, 184.
Vandenhoff, John, 104.
Vernon, Mrs., 24, 144, 156.
Vestris, Madame (Mrs. Charles Mathews), 62, 78, 201–202.
Victoria, Queen, 53.

Wainwright, Bishop, 197.
Wainwright, Wadsworth, 197.
Walcot, Charles (Elder), 147–150.
Wallack, Charles E., VI.
Wallack, Elizabeth, 2.
Wallack, Fanny, 3–4, 138.
Wallack, Henry, 2–3, 34, 39, 89–91.
Wallack, James W., 2, 4–11, 14, 18, 21, 33, 35–36, 70, 76, 77, 81–82, 87–89, 91, 95, 98, 100, 103–104, 105, 107–120, 122–123, 127, 129, 134, 145–147, 150–151, 154, 166, 197, 198–209, 210.
Wallack, Mrs. James W. (Susan Johnstone), 8, 36–39.
Wallack, James W., Jr., 3, 13, 23, 118, 137, 139–141.
Wallack, John Johnstone. See Lester Wallack.
Wallack, Julia, 3–4.
Wallack, Lester.
His descent, 1–11.
His birth, 11.
Sketch of his life, 11–31.
His first professional appearance, 35.
His professional career in Great Britain, 35–41, 56–57, 75–79,
His first appearance in America, 11, 134.
His method of study, 166–171.
His death, 28.
Wallack, Mrs. Lester, VI–VII, 11, 72–73, 167–168, 170–171, 210.
Wallack, Mary, 2.
Wallack, William, 1–2.
Wallack, Mrs. William, 1–2.
Washington, George, 143.
Webster, Benjamin, 77–78, 124, 133.
Wellington, Duke of, 198–201.
Weston, Lizzie. See Mrs. C. J. Mathews.
Wewitzer, Ralph, 81–82.
Wheelock, Joseph, 27.

Wigan, Alfred, 177.
Wigan, Mrs. Alfred, 2.
Wilkie, Sir David, 98.
William III., 188.
Willis, Nathaniel P., 35.
Wilson, John, 111.
Wilton, J. H., 43.
Winter, William, VI.
Wood, Mrs. John, 18.
Wrench, Mr., 123.
Wyndham, Charles, 195.
Wyndham, Mr., 195.

Young, Charles, 8.

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